The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

WINNING THE PENANCE RACE

To: James A. Baker 3d From: Soviet Desk
Background: Recent Shevardnadze acknowledgment of crimes committed in international arena arouse grave concern Soviets may establish critical repentance gap. Desk recommends Secretary Baker close gap by using forthcoming policy speeches to establish parity in this area. Happily recent U.S. history offers scope for trumping Soviet initiatives. Following are key Soviet statements and appropriate U.S. responses.

Afghanistan: Invasion acknowledged by Shevardnadze as "against general human values." U.S. can respond here by apologizing in identical terms for Vietnam War. (Note, secret bombing of Cambodia gives us additional card to play.) *Krasnoyarsk Radar*: Designated by Foreign Minister an "open violation" of 1972 A.B.M. treaty. U.S. flexible response scenario may cite Fylingdales and Thule tracking stations. (Advise holding S.D.I. in reserve at this time.) *Eastern Europe*: Soviets have enunciated Sinatra Doctrine ("My Way"); U.S. should accede to Nicaraguan request for Humperdinck Doctrine ("Please Release Me"). Moscow may also soon condemn 1968 Czech invasion; in this contingency, 1973 Chile coup is appropriate analogue. Higher body count allows U.S. greater margin for regret. (Avoid "satellite nation" vocabulary for Latins, although El Salvador may be deployed if strictly necessary.)

Risks: Some hostile comment likely, especially revival of early 1980s "moral equivalence" debate (see pressfiles: Krauthammer, Podhoretz et al.). Anticipate Kissinger Op-Eds if Cambodia invoked. However, ongoing Soviet repentance gap situation demands bold U.S. response.

Limits of Action: Urge you to avoid Shevardnadze-style assertions that foreign crimes are incompatible with democratic values at home. Such admissions may lead American people into uncharted waters.

THE LITTLE BIG ONE
Larry Bensky

IS AN EMBRYO A PERSON?
Charles A. Gardner

AFTER KHOMEINI
Mansour Farhang

LIBEL AND HISTORY
Martin Garbus

EXPOSING THE F.B.I.
Diana R. Gordon

FORGOTTEN CLASSICS
Gwyneth Cravens

JAMAICAN DRUG GANGS

JOHNNY-TOO-BAD AND THE SUFFERERS

LAURIE GUNST

Delroy (Uzi) Edwards cut a glum but natty figure at his RICO trial in New York in July. It was the Federal government's first courtroom crack at the leader of a Jamaican drug gang, or posse. He still sported the Jheri-Kurl fade haircut and diamond earring he wore in jail, but he also graced the trial with an array of dark suits. Edwards faced the jury alone, since his six co-defendants remained at large. He and his cohorts were charged with six murders, seventeen assaults, a kidnapping and a maiming. Fourteen of his former accomplices from the posse, called the Renkers, had cut deals with the government and betrayed him on the witness stand.

Since 1984, when U.S. law enforcement authorities began to track them, Jamaican posses have killed more than 1,400 people nationwide. Their violence here often has a particularly nasty edge, in part because their vendettas are grounded in the island's fratricidal politics. "Renkers" translates from Jamaican patois as "maximum stench." "'Renkers' means the smell when you piss against a wall," explained a Kingston man who knew the gang from the days of its origins in the island's capital.

Edwards's trial and his subsequent conviction were a timely victory for the government, which has been trying in vain for three years to bust a much more powerful posse, the Shower. The Shower got its start in Tivoli Gardens, the Kingston ghetto stronghold of former Prime Minister Edward Seaga, and then branched out to Miami in the early 1980s.

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LETTERS.

SEMPER FIDELIS (I)

Washington

I know from the lengthy article that you published about me [see Michael Massing, "The Rise and Decline of Accuracy In Media," Sept. 13, 1986] that *The Nation* was quite willing to use false statements made about me by journalists that I have criticized to impugn my integrity. I didn't know that your animus against me was so great that you would sink to spreading false stories accusing me of marital infidelity in your efforts to defame me ["Beltway Bandits," Oct. 2]. I note that you have refrained from telling your readers about Barney Frank's admitted hiring of a male prostitute even though this has led to demands that he resign his House seat.

I have no reason to think that anyone who reads *The Nation* gives a damn, but just to set the record straight, I have been very happily married to the same woman for over forty-two years. I dare say that my record of marital fidelity compares very favorably with that of anyone on the staff of *The Nation*. But I don't know anyone who cares about that except my wife.

The allegations that you quoted from a court document filed in a suit against the Committee for a Free Afghanistan by an unscrupulous direct-mail fund-raiser don't bother me, because the accuser has no credibility with anyone whose good opinion I value.

I do regret that *The Nation* failed to check out the charge that AIM has an Elizabeth Ray on its payroll. It would not have taken much effort to find out that this is totally false. In the twenty years that AIM has been in existence no female employee has been hired for any reason other than the judgment that she would be able to perform her job well, and none has been promoted for any reason other than our judgment that she was doing her assigned job in a competent, professional manner. That is something you could have checked out very easily, and you should have done so before printing a sexist slander. *Reed Irvine*

CORN REPLIES

Washington

A few days after publication of the item "Accuracy in Marriage?" in "Beltway Bandits" that so enrages Reed Irvine, the great man himself called me. He was upset. He asked if I knew that he had charted forty-two years of rapturous marriage and criticized the item. I explained that it had been written within a certain context: how nasty conservatives get when they quarrel over business. They quickly resort to challenging the sexual habits of their ideological colleagues. (Another item in the column noted that a dismissed *Washington Times* journalist had accused one of his dismissers of sexually harassing another dismissed *Washington Times* columnist.) I inquired if Irvine had actually read the item on him. He said no. So I sent him his very own copy at *The Nation*'s expense.

In the course of our chat (which I'm sure was taped; recall that the item in question also reported Irvine's acknowledged penchant for secretly recording his phone conversations) Irvine described the wonderful work of a certain Accuracy In Media staff member, who, I gather, is thought by Irvine's accusers to be the irresistible temptation in his life. Her name is not mentioned in the court document I quoted, nor will I publicize it here. That she co-inhabits the office with Irvine is probably enough punishment. Irvine, trying to be clever, asked me if I thought it sexist to infer that because Ms. X is so comely—and we will have to accept Irvine's judgment on this—she rose high in the AIM ranks only by bedding down with the watchdog-in-chief. I replied that I have no idea what she looks like.

As for Barney Frank, Irvine only had to wait for the October 9 issue to see we have not engaged in what many conservatives view as a conspiracy of silence on the part of the media. (Silence, to them, is the absence of daily front-page stories with banner headlines.)

By the way, meaning to be fair and accurate, I did check with Irvine about the allegations. He pronounced them "absolutely absurd," and I published his denial—and even suggested that his accusers might be engaged purely in a smear campaign. I'm surprised that the usually madcap and jocular Irvine did not remember this and failed to see the all-in-good-fun tenor of the item. (I'm sure Dan Rather considers all Irvine's jabs affectionate jokes too.) I can only conclude that Irvine was so overcome by his allusions to marital bliss while penning his response that he became distracted and was not his usual jovial self. *David Corn*

ONE PICTURE IS WORTH . . .

Bowling Green, Ohio

Here's another candidate for the source of Bush's (Peggy Noonan's) "thousand points of light" ["Letters," Sept. 25]. In C.S. Lewis's *The Magician's Nephew*, the sixth of the seven books in *The Chronicles of Narnia*, in a description of the creation of the Narnian world, appears this passage:

> Then two wonders happened at the same moment. One was that the voice was suddenly joined by other voices; more voices than you could possibly count. They were in harmony with it, but far higher up the scale: cold, tingling, silvery voices. The second wonder was that the blackness overhead, all at once, was blazing with stars. They didn't come out gently one by one, as they do on a summer evening. One moment there had been nothing but darkness; next moment, a thousand, thousand points of light leaped out—single stars, constellations, and planets, brighter and bigger than any in our world.

Isn't Lewis's thin allegory of a right-wing, Christian explanation of world affairs a more appropriate source for this nonsense than either W.H. Auden or Jean-Paul Sartre? *Philip G. Terrie*

. . . A THOUSAND POINTS

Montpelier, Vt.

Peggy Noonan may have reached back farther than Sartre and Auden for her "thousand points of light" imagery. At the end of book eight of *The Iliad*, Homer writes of the Trojans:

> Then on the perilous open ground of war, in brave expectancy, they lay all night while many campfires burned. As when in heaven principal stars shine out around the moon when the night sky is limpid, with no wind, and all the lookout points, headlands, and mountain clearings are distinctly seen, as though pure space had broken through, downward from heaven, and all the stars are out, and in his heart the shepherd sings: just so from ships to river shone before Ilion the Trojan fires. There were a thousand burning in the plain, and round each one lay fifty men in firelight. Horses champed white barley, near the chariots, waiting for Dawn to mount her lovely chair.

This way it can be fairly said that George Bush has an epic vision of America. *Richard A. Waite*

SEMPER FIDELIS (II)

West Newton, Mass.

Nothing is more in vogue on the left these days than Cuba-bashing, as Christopher Hitchens demonstrates in his vitriolic "Minority Report" of September 4/11. Where once American progressive writers leapt to Cuba's defense at the slightest sally from the media, now, it seems, hardly any pretense at all sets the same scribes off on yet another anti-Castro tangent.

Hitchens seems to have been chewing on Cuba's ideological carcass and accumulating undigested parts of the skeleton in his craw for some time. The latest stuck bone is a recent announcement in *Granma*, the official Cuban newspaper, that two Soviet journals, *Sputnik* and *Moscow News*, have been banned from circulating on the island due to

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EDITORIALS.

The Wonder Year

This is the year of the Big Question. *Time* asks, Is government dead? State Department theoretician Francis Fukuyama wants to know, Is history over? Wall Streeters ponder, Is the bull market kaput? Television viewers wonder as they snooze before the new fall shows, Is no-talent no longer enough? This has been, after all, the century of uncertainty, and as the millennium approaches, the familiar institutions and principles of life seem more problematic than ever. The news is so dull it must be simulated and re-created to interest the public, and the only real events are those quantifiable in wind velocity or tabulated on the Richter scale. If the historical dialectic has run down like a cheap Timex and the government of the United States is hopelessly stuck at dead center, there will be little cause to party when it's 1999.

Of all the big questions, the one about the viability of government (that is, the one in Washington) is at once the most puzzling and the most unexpected. On the surface, the government seems to be barreling along at a trillion-dollar-a-year clip, fighting inflation, warring on drugs and stoking the fires of the fabled engine of prosperity. But what worries *Time*, and by inference the enlightened corporate class it represents, is a sense of aimlessness for all the speed, of

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waste for all the riches and of purposelessness for all the purpose.

Neither the Bush Administration nor the Democratic Congress seems serious about addressing the many items on the nation's social agenda—health care, housing, poverty, discrimination, education, the environment—which have been deferred since the Vietnam War broke the bank. Bush himself has no foreign policy beyond acceptance of the status quo delivered to him by his predecessor and updated in the morning briefing papers. The precipitate decline of U.S. economic strength relative to Europe and Japan is met with no countermeasures—to the certain detriment of Americans' standard of living before the century is out. Laissez-faire fantasies and free-market idolatry are so firmly entrenched that social investment is impossible, and government is reduced to arguing about symbols (the flag), sex (photos of penises) and religion (the humanity of a zygote).

Hard-nosed journalistic commentators place the blame for government paralysis on all heads and houses, but in fact Bush should not be too heavily faulted. He is doing what comes naturally to a Republican these days, and indeed what he more or less promised in his election campaign. If a candidate repeats, ad nauseam, Jefferson's foolish phrase about the best government governing least, he should be taken at his word.

Far more despicable is the contribution of the Democrats to the new national malaise. It is not only the Congressional Democrats' chicken-hearted response to the savings and loan bailout, their collapse on catastrophic health care, their shameful collaboration on the capital gains tax reduction, their sophistical end run on the flag-burning issue, their fear of substantial defense budget cuts, their complaisant agreement to intervene in Central American politics and their ridiculous jingoism about Panama. On a more basic level the Democrats have rejected the role of a political opposition.

For a moment in the waning months of the Reagan regime, there was some hope that the party would distinguish itself as a countervailing force to the follies and depredations of the Administration. It should be clear to Congressional Democrats that they did well in the last elections precisely because of that hope they offered voters. But upon assuming office, they rushed to join the spurious "bipartisan consensus" that Bush proposed—and that he probably never expected to get.

There are certainly sources of vision and opposition associated with the Democrats, such as the Congressional Black Caucus (which each year puts out a wonderfully humane and thoughtful budget) and the remnants of Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign (which promoted every one of the progressive programs the Democratic "leadership" disdains or ignores). Jackson himself crisscrosses the country still fighting for those policies and ideals. And outside the party, activists and organizers beat drums and bushes for scores of issues—from women's rights to tax equity to Third World solidarity—that together constitute a populist, progressive vision utterly lacking in the party's sluggish mainstream.

The problem with the Democratic leadership is that the politicians are distrustful of the voters, slavishly obedient to their corporate funders, and terrified of the Lee Atwater brand of campaign practices, which uses dirty names and slimy innuendoes to blow any opponent of Republican conservatism out of the water. They completely misread the results of the last presidential election and overlook the evidence of politics all over the nation today, which suggests that a transformation of great size and moment is under way. There is motion and upheaval beneath the obsolete Democratic Party structure, and the politicians who ignore it are bound to be buried before long.

AWARD

Robert Sherrill's article "White-Collar Thuggery" (Nov. 28, 1988) was co-winner of the Bryant Spann Memorial Prize of the Eugene V. Debs Foundation.

Elder $tatesman

We weren't surprised at the news that Ronald and Nancy Reagan picked up a cool $2 million fee, plus $5 million in expenses, for their recent eight-day visit to Japan as guests of the Fujisankei Communications Group. As a former General Electric rep, Reagan is an old hand at the corporate spokesman game. And as a champion of the free market, he would naturally do what may be the most lucrative deal yet of the former Presidents cashing in on the office.

We've come a long way from the days when Harry Truman, according to daughter Margaret, worried about how he would make a living after he vacated the White House. Even those multimillion-dollar memoirs deals seem like small change now. Credit Gerald Ford with opening up new territory for retired Chief Execs by snagging a raft of well-paid corporate directorships and assiduously working the big-money corporate and trade association speaking circuit. Of course, Jimmy Carter broke the rhythm by lending his name mainly to good-works foundations.

Now Reagan has restored our faith in ex-Presidential greed. Although there has been some pious mumbling about his visit serving to soothe U.S.-Japanese relations, his journey to the East was primarily a straight publicity gesture. He was hired by Fujisankei, reported *The New York Times*, to "give the company's prestige a lift at a critical time in its history." He appeared on Fuji Television, owned by Fujisankei; was exclusively interviewed by the *Sankei Shimbun*, ditto; and graced various photo opportunities sponsored by Fujisankei. If he made any pronouncements on U.S.-Japanese relations, they escaped our notice. Media reports here simply showed the Great Greeter smiling and waving and pretending not to hear reporters' rude questions about the purpose of his visit. The old trouper got his act together and took it on the road. Where next? Saudi Arabia? China? (They like elder statesmen there.) Brunei? (A small country but big bucks.)

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Meanwhile, the Reagans have bid *sayonara* to beautiful Japan, land of the falling dollar and the rising honorarium. We understand that George Bush's people are talking with a Japanese real estate syndicate that is eager to convert the White House into condos.

Little Big One

That there would be—and that there *will* be—a seismic catastrophe with heavy loss of life is an accepted fact of life in northern California. The inevitable earthquake crouches in the collective psyche, as do hurricanes in Florida, volcanoes in Hawaii and tornadoes in the Midwest, differing from those other dire phenomena only in its relative unpredictability.

Residents of northern California learn to live with this possibility, making peace with their anxieties and such practical preparations for the inevitable as they can. But there's another aspect to the inevitable that is out of the individual's control, though it took the October 17 earthquake and its fifteen seconds of devastation across a 100-mile area to dramatize it: the general lack of planning, infrastructure and funding for the Big One to come.

For decades, as unplanned sprawl in the suburbs has paralleled uncontrolled "Manhattanization" of the city, the nine-county Bay Area has desperately needed broader, regional government. The disruption of the transportation system, strained as never before with a major bridge and several freeways out of service, showed that regional efforts are badly needed to overcome localism. No fewer than twenty-three public transit agencies had to attempt last-minute coordination of the area's commuters, who, it should be noted, are addicted to their cars, in part because of the disorganization and inefficiency of public transportation.

Emergency services were similarly fragmented. Centralized, coordinated information was conspicuously absent for days after the disaster; it was also difficult for thousands of would-be volunteers to find out where their services were needed. Worse, we have now seen that there exists no large-scale capacity for dealing with major catastrophes such as the collapse of the now-famous Cypress connector to the Nimitz Freeway on Interstate 880. While a worldwide television audience became grimly familiar with the horrific spectacle of crushed concrete and steel, anxious relatives had to wait two days for a crane to appear at the mile-and-a-quarter stretch of collapsed highway. And it was also two days before some organization was imposed on the heroic efforts of individuals to locate survivors.

The official rescue efforts at the Nimitz were as uncoordinated and confused a product of government as was the system that allowed drivers to continue to use the highway after evidence had demonstrated that it was unsafe. Public officials and engineers armed with detection devices abandoned hope for the people crushed inside the steel and masonry sandwich, although studies of mine, airplane and train catastrophes have shown that massive, immediate efforts almost always result in saved lives.

While the focus on the freeway disaster gave the world's television audience a skewed picture of the entire Bay Area as a disaster zone, it obscured the plight of those forgotten in calamity as well as in normal times. Hundreds of poor people living in structurally deficient hotels and apartments have now been added to San Francisco's huge number of homeless; yet most news stories, when they strayed across the bay from the freeway, centered on the posh Marina district, a few dozen of whose $800,000 houses have been lost. The media ignored the undocumented farm workers in the Salinas Valley; many of these workers feared that if they asked for Federal assistance they would risk deportation.

While engineers and construction specialists shifted their efforts from saving lives on the Nimitz to saving time for commuters on the less damaged but more strategic Bay Bridge, a debate usually confined to engineering societies became public: Is there really any way to "toughen" such structures as double-decker freeways and bridges? Both the Marina district and the Cypress connector of the Nimitz Freeway are on landfill. How can one toughen earth that has been extended into water?

Even when structures are placed on solid ground, to what extent can they be called earthquake proof, no matter how much money is spent on state-of-the-art construction? Even institutions that should know better, such as the University of California at Berkeley, home of the seismograph, seem determined to tempt nature in this regard. There is a consensus among seismologists that the next Big One in northern California will occur on the Hayward fault, which runs directly beneath the university's 76,000-seat football stadium and 9,000-seat Greek theater, yet tickets continue to be sold there.

Despite the official obliviousness and incompetence that the October 17 tragedy continues to reveal, there is some hope that earthquakes now will become a focus of political debate beyond the immediate question of how to restore normal commuting. Unfortunately, the cost of preparing for earthquakes is astronomical. And, as one might expect in a state governed by Deukmejian-Reagan principles, the first response was an immediate rush to saddle those least responsible for the situation with the cost of fixing it. A proposed 25-cents-a-gallon gas tax will fall most heavily on those least able to pay; such people often must drive less fuel-efficient vehicles for long-distance travel between their jobs and the only housing they can afford.

A political aftershock of the quake appears on San Francisco's November ballot, which contains the hotly debated proposal for a new sports stadium on—you guessed it—another tract of landfill. Until now, the debate on the downtown stadium, even in the progressive community, has centered on its funding and its impact on transportation. Now, with the vision of collapsed concrete and steel fresh in their minds, voters may have other questions as well.

LARRY BENSKY

Larry Bensky is currently teaching at Stanford University and covered the October 17 earthquake for Pacifica radio, for which he is national affairs correspondent.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

British Justice, Irish Victims

There are already those who argue that the release after almost fifteen years in English prisons of three men and one woman—the Irish people known as the Guildford Four—is somehow a vindication of the British system of justice. The wheels ground slowly, so the line goes, but in the end the Director of Public Prosecutions did the right thing. Fresh investigation earlier this year by the Avon and Somerset police showed that Gerard Conlon, Patrick Armstrong, Carole Richardson and Paul Hill had been the victims of faked interviews, bogus confessions and suppressed alibis when they were convicted of the October 1974 bombings that killed two in the King's Arms pub in Woolwich and five in the Horse and Groom pub in Guildford. On October 19, 1989, all were released. They are in line for compensation. Somehow, in the end, justice was done.

Justice was not done on October 19, and even if the criminal inquiry into the actions of the Surrey police ends with two or three detectives being sent to jail, justice will never be done. Conlon, Armstrong, Richardson and Hill did not spend almost fifteen years of their lives behind bars just because Surrey detectives faked some notes. They also went inside because the Crown prosecutors deliberately ignored or suppressed witnesses providing alibis for the defendants, concealed relevant testimony from another suspect in the Guildford case and later squelched forensic evidence confirming the admission of the Balcombe Street I.R.A. unit, itself convicted of other offenses, that it had done the bombings.

They stayed inside, down the long years, because many of the most prominent men in British judicial and political life decided that it would be too embarrassing to force forward inquiries and assess new evidence that would compel their release. Sir Michael Havers, who prosecuted the Guildford Four, said at the end of the trial in 1975, "Accusations of the most appalling kind have been made against the police during this trial. . . . If the allegations are true, there has been a most appalling perversion of justice." There had indeed been a most appalling perversion of justice, at which Havers connived.

Presiding over the trial in 1975 was Justice John Donaldson. He sentenced the Four in the same courtroom at the Old Bailey from which their release was ordered on October 19. Donaldson told them back in 1975 that had capital punishment been in force they all would have been hanged. He recommended that Carole Richardson, 17 years old, serve at least twenty years. He declared that Paul Hill be detained until "age or infirmity" decreed his release. He sentenced Conlon and Armstrong to life.

A year later Donaldson returned to the bench to preside over the trial of the Maguire family, already denounced by Havers as bomb makers during the trial of the Guildford Four. The same confessions invented by the Surrey police alleged that Anne Maguire, Gerard Conlon's aunt, ran a household that was a factory for explosives. Arrested and then placed in the dock were six members of the Maguire family—one of them Giuseppe Conlon, father of Gerard—and a family friend. Facing them was Havers, who persuaded the jury to convict, though no explosives had been discovered around the Maguire house aside from minute traces of what might have been nitroglycerin on some plastic kitchen gloves allegedly found a few days after the arrests.

Havers, subsequently Lord Chancellor, and the judge, subsequently Lord Donaldson and today head of the civil appeals court, proclaimed to a jury most certainly exposed to the anti-Irish hysteria of the time that there was no connection whatsoever between the Guildford trial and the Maguire trial. Donaldson duly sentenced Anne Maguire, 40, and her husband, Patrick, 42, to fourteen years in prison. One of their sons, Vincent, 17, was jailed for five years and Patrick, 14, was sent to a Home Office "secure" establishment for four years. The boys' uncle, Giuseppe, who was arrested at the Maguire home after he had come to England to talk to solicitors about the trial of his son, was given twelve years; Sean Smyth, Anne's brother, also got twelve years; and Pat O'Neill, a friend, got eight years. In 1980, Gerard Conlon watched his father die in the prison to which Giuseppe had been sent by the same corrupt police who had destroyed his son's life. In 1985 Anne, the last of the Maguires to remain in prison, was released.

The Guildford Four stayed inside because their appeal was rejected in 1977 by Justices Roskill, Lawton and Boreham, who declared summarily that the evidence buttressing the confessions of the Balcombe Street I.R.A. unit "gave rise to no lurking doubts whatever in our minds." The present Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, refused to reopen the Maguire case in 1987, despite widespread doubt about the convictions. The amount of nitroglycerin supposedly discovered on the plastic gloves was so small that it was destroyed during the tests seeking to establish its validity as evidence. The Maguires were a family with no Republican connections, who had a bust of Winston Churchill on the mantelpiece of their home in Paddington and who belonged to the local Conservative Club.

They Said They'd Kill His Mother

There was no apology from the court on October 19 as the Guildford Four were set free and one of them, Paul Hill, immediately rearrested and sent in manacles to Belfast to appeal a murder conviction based on evidence supplied by the same Surrey detectives. He is now free on bail. The Chief Justice, Lord Lane, talked only of this "unhappy matter." Nor did the Crown prosecutor, in his outline of police malpractices, explain what really happened in 1974.

The Crown prosecutor, Roy Amlot, described how the Avon and Somerset police, ordered by the Director of Public Prosecutions (himself bowing to a strenuous public campaign) to re-examine the evidence against the Four, began to sift through the heaps of documents accumulated by the original Surrey detective team. They found typed memos of interrogations that had been altered in handwriting. Then they examined records of the trial and found that the detec-

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tives giving evidence had presented their handwritten notes—in fact the altered typescripts rewritten in longhand—as evidence of damaging confessions.

But never did Amlot broach the obvious question, Why did the Four consent to any of the incriminating admissions imposed by the Surrey police? The answer is not hard to find. The consents were tortured out of them. Leading the Surrey police investigation was Detective Inspector Tim Blake, who died last year. At his 1975 trial Gerard Conlon claimed that an interrogating officer had said, "Blake will make you see a bit of the light." Then, Conlon testified, Blake came screaming into the room, smashed Conlon's head against the wall, punched him in the kidneys, made him strip and began to crush his testicles. He shouted at the 20-year-old Conlon that unless he confessed his mother would be shot by the S.A.S., the Special Air Services.

Conlon told the court, "If they had told me to put the Pope's name down I would have done it. I would have wrote down anybody's name to save my mother." The court disbelieved him, as it did Hill, who said that among the means used to force a confession from him were threats against his girlfriend.

None of the physical maltreatment found its way into Amlot's statement of what the Surrey police had done, any more than did adverse commentary on the London Metropolitan Police, whose commissioner is now Sir Peter Imbert. Back in 1974, Imbert was one of the London police who interviewed the Four and who approved the ludicrous, contradictory confessions extorted by his Surrey colleagues. The arrest and conviction of the Four no doubt contributed to Imbert's subsequent successful career, as well as to the promotions of many of the Surrey detectives. Down the years the police and the Director of Public Prosecutions, the late Sir Norman Skelhorn, had ample reason to let four people rot away their lives, endure nervous breakdowns, suffer the agony and madness of year upon year of wrongful incarceration. This was no affair of a few rogue cops. This was a system of punitive police and judicial terrorism in action.

It survives intact today. The Four were convicted on the basis of the confessions. As Amlot confirmed, there was no other evidence to link them with the pub bombings. The two Irish teenagers, Richardson and Armstrong, were telling the truth when they described their harmless life in squatters' houses in Kilburn, and when they said that on the night the police claimed they were planting a bomb in the Horse and Groom one was dog-sitting in Kilburn and the other was at a pop concert at the South Bank Polytechnic. Conlon and Hill were telling the truth in their alibis too. But under English law a person can be convicted solely on the basis of a confession. By 1991 most forms of police interrogation will have to be tape-recorded, but not in cases involving suspected terrorists. So another Guildford Four could be framed today or next year, just as in 1974. The police could lie about the shoe boxes where Armstrong supposedly kept his bombs. They could lie about how Richardson marked the spot on a police diagram where the bomb exploded.

Among the cheering crowds—many of them Irish construction workers—on that extraordinary October day when Gerard Conlon staggered into freedom, arms held high by his sisters Anne and Bridie, were relatives of the Birmingham Six, more Irish people seized and sentenced to life imprisonment for other pub bombings in 1974. Their convictions were upheld by an appeals court as recently as January 1988. But the unit that built the case against them, the West Midlands Serious Crimes Squad, was disbanded this past summer amid charges of corruption. Persuasive evidence attesting to their innocence had been unearthed, and the physical evidence that they had handled explosives is as impalpable as the supposed nitroglycerin in the Maguires' kitchen. Their turn must come now.

Joe Doherty: Prisoner in Limbo

Americans should be calling for justice here as well as in England. The Irishman Joe Doherty, charged with no offense under U.S. criminal law, is now in his seventh year of imprisonment in a tiny cell in the Federal Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York, which is designed only for pretrial detainees. He was imprisoned on June 18, 1983, for having entered the country illegally. The British government, abetted by the Reagan Administration, sought his extradition on charges arising out of the shooting death of a member of the S.A.S. Three times, the last in March 1986, Doherty triumphed in U.S. courts, which found that his alleged offenses in Northern Ireland were not common crimes but rather political, and therefore nonextraditable, offenses. Having been thus thwarted, the Reagan/Bush Administrations and the United Kingdom have been trying to use U.S. immigration law to obtain what they were denied under extradition law.

In mid-October Doherty's lawyer, Mary Pike, filed a brief with the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit challenging an order of Attorney General Edwin Meese that directed Doherty to be sent for trial to the United Kingdom. Doherty had been granted a hearing by the Board of Immigration Appeals on his claim for political asylum, the board accepting his argument that if returned to the U.K. he would be subject to persecution. (As my niece Laura Flanders described in *The Nation* on October 30, Doherty's mother's house in Belfast is already threatened because of information leaked to loyalist death squads by British intelligence.) But Meese's successor, Richard Thornburgh, reversed the board's action. Nearly 100 members of the House and Senate have sponsored concurrent resolutions urging the Administration to see that Doherty is provided hearings and bail.

The Bush Administration is under pressure from Thatcher, but can any Irishman expect justice in Thatcher's courts? Earlier this year the Irish Prime Minister, Charles Haughey, said no, and his government refused to extradite Father Ryan. In the hour of his release Gerard Conlon said no Irish person accused of terrorism could expect a fair trial in Britain. And who, reading the terrible history of the Guildford Four, could disagree?

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ U.S. Uses U.F.O. Aliens for Illegal Drug Sweeps!

The war on drugs fires the imagination of extremists of all political stripes. In the September issue of the National Rifle Association's *American Rifleman*, Harlon Carter, a member of the group's executive council, warmly recalls the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II and recommends that drug dealers and users be given similar treatment for an indefinite period, without benefit of trial. "No thinking, honorable person," Carter suggests, "can offer a reason why these destroyers of the very fabric of our society should not be as effectively isolated."

With such schemes being proposed, Americans are right to worry about a threat to civil liberties. But for some, worry has turned to paranoia. Look at the Mae Brussell Research Center, named after a deceased radio talk-show host and researcher who specialized in conspiracy theories of the left. The subjects covered in the center's most recent newsletter are telling: the Jonestown massacre seen as a C.I.A. medical experiment; the "I was abducted by a U.F.O." phenomenon seen as the work of U.S. intelligence mind control experts; and, inevitably, the John Kennedy assassination. Set up in Santa Cruz, California, in January of this year, the center is now soliciting funds through direct mail. Its pitch starts reasonably enough by criticizing the war on drugs for targeting—not treating—impoverished and minority drug users. Then it quickly warps: "When Abbie Hoffman died, we knew something was wrong. . . . More recently, Huey Newton, former head of the Black Panther Party, was shot to death on the streets of Oakland, and the press blamed 'cocaine.' It was as if the FBI's program of political harassment and murder from the 60's, COINTELPRO, had never ended. We asked if these were the first casualties of the 'War on Drugs.' "

So the Powers That Be had to knock off Hoffman and Newton before they could get down to some heavy repression under the cover of fighting drugs. Such musings are nonsense and undermine serious criticism of the Administration's antidrug efforts.

■ Do We Introduce the Bill First or Hire the Madman?

Such paranoia is not limited to the left. Neal Knox, former legislative director of the N.R.A., puts the Brussellites to shame. Knox, who was booted out of the N.R.A. for being too extreme(!), outlined the gun nut's ultimate conspiracy in a recent issue of *The Shotgun News*. His ravings were prompted by Joseph Westbecker's murder spree in Louisville. "With the Senate Judiciary Committee having just passed an 'assault weapon' bill, but with the full Senate vote appearing to be stalled," Knox wrote, "the timing could not have been better for the Gun Control Ghouls." He went on to note that last January's massacre in Stockton, California, was "perfectly timed to fuel a carefully planned . . . assault upon 'assault weapons.' " Get the picture? "We cannot help but be reminded of the perfectly timed coincidences that aided the 'gun control' efforts of the past." These include the assassinations of John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. Each occurred, Knox confides, at a time when gun control legislation was pending in Congress. Knox claims he is not the type to subscribe to conspiracy theories. But, he adds, "I've seen too many perfectly timed 'coincidences' to think it's impossible that evil men, bent on the disarmament of a free citizenry, could never and would never trigger insane acts . . . to further their cause." At the end of the column is a notice: the Neal Knox Associates are available for hire as lobbyists.

■ Get Noriega—but Don't Touch the Bankers

Adopting Knoxian logic, we might conclude that drug-related violence has been incited by gun control advocates to advance their agenda. Actually, the drug crisis is being used by those who would like to unleash the C.I.A. Following the Keystone Coup against Panamanian drug thug Manuel Noriega, hawks were quick to charge that legislation banning Agency involvement in assassinations contributed to the failed rebellion. Congressional "micromanagement" and the assassination prohibition, national security adviser Brent Scowcroft huffed, have prevented the Bush Administration from taking effective action in Panama. Elliott Abrams, the former State Department bully, puffed, "It appears the main concern of the C.I.A. people involved was . . . not to get Noriega out of power, but to meet statutory standards in this country." Ask these fellows about Nicaragua, and they get misty-eyed talking about the rule of law and democracy (that is, an electoral win for the opposition). At home such talk is an irritation.

Meanwhile, the Bush Administration has opposed a measure that would hit big drug dealers in their vitals. A year ago Congress passed the Kerry amendment (named after Senator John Kerry), which directed the Treasury Department to negotiate with foreign countries to persuade them to record the flow of U.S. currency through their banks. Such record keeping (which would be similar to the rules here that require banks to track cash transactions of $10,000 or more) would hinder money-laundering operations. The measure called for sanctions against countries that do not implement such rules.

Appearing before Kerry's subcommittee last month, Salvatore Martoche, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, argued against playing hardball with international bankers. He opposed the suggestion that the Federal Reserve refuse to process dollars from banks connected with Noriega and used for money laundering: "I am afraid what it might do is put U.S. interests and banks and business interests at a competitive disadvantage." If the United States sought to impose sanctions against countries that didn't adopt new regulations, Martoche insisted, "we would lose significantly in our ability to compete in international commerce." To insure that the United States retains the premier banking system in the world, the Treasury Department is willing to let criminals go about their business. Extremism in the defense of commerce is no vice.

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ARTICLES.

SCIENTIFIC ADVISORY

Is an Embryo A Person?

CHARLES A. GARDNER

In the familiar polemics on the subject of abortion one side argues in support of women's rights, the other in support of babies' rights. But so far only one side of the debate has attempted to engage a question that should be intrinsic to the abortion issue: What is the embryo?

To Dr. Jack Willke, president of the National Right to Life Committee, the embryo is a human being from the moment of conception. His definition of a human being depends upon the forty-six chromosomes first present in the fertilized egg. "Contained within the single cell who I once was," he says, "was the totality of everything I am today."

Judges and state legislators across the United States seem inclined to accept this argument about chromosomes and totality. In *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* the Supreme Court upheld a Missouri fetal rights law that asserts "life begins at conception." In September a Tennessee court ruled that seven frozen embryos at the center of a bitter divorce suit are children, that they are "human beings existing as embryos." Judge W. Dale Young gave "custody" of the embryos to their "mother," and, basing his decision entirely upon the testimony of one geneticist, concluded that "a man is a man; that upon fertilization, the entire constitution of the man is clearly, unequivocally spelled-out, including arms, legs, nervous systems and the like; that upon inspection via DNA manipulation, one can see the life codes for each of these otherwise unobservable elements of the unique individual."

The "biological" argument that a human being is created at fertilization is increasingly used by antiabortion forces in their effort to back up religious arguments based on church tradition. This purportedly scientific argument comes as a surprise to most embryologists, however, for it contradicts all that they have learned in the past few decades. The benefit of that knowledge, more sophisticated, subtle and complete than ever before, has been notably missing from most public discussions of abortion and from all the legal decisions that have created so much recent publicity.

The embryo exists utterly beyond our normal means of understanding. We are accustomed to trust our eyes. A thing has bark around a thick column, limbs, branches and bunches of green leaves. It must be a tree. While the early embryo bears no physical resemblance to anything we think of as human, later, at three months, it has fingers, legs, a nose and eyes. But the first conclusions that one draws from even those appearances may have to be revised.

The fertilized egg knows nothing about how to make a finger, a nose or eyes. It knows only how to divide into two cells, which then know how to divide to make four. How, then, does the fertilized egg give rise to a baby?

The fertilized egg contains all the DNA necessary for the embryo to develop. Half the DNA has been supplied by the egg and the other half by a single sperm cell. We often read in textbooks and the press that this DNA is the "blueprint of life." But an analogy between a blueprint and the DNA is misleading. If a human being were a house, then the DNA would specify doorknobs, hinges, lumber and nails, window panes, wires, switches, fuses and a thousand other individual parts. But it would not tell how to put all those parts together in the right order and at the right time. It is unfortunate that biologists have contributed to the belief that DNA represents some sort of essence or "life force." Rather, it is only part of the information necessary for the correct formation of the embryo.

In fact there does not seem to be any blueprint for embryonic development. Each step toward greater complexity depends instead upon the pattern of cells and molecules just reached in the preceding step. The information required to make an eye or a finger does not exist in the fertilized egg. It exists in the positions and interactions of cells and molecules that will be formed only at a later time.

But if the individual does not arise out of the DNA then from where does he or she come? The fertilized egg clearly has potential. Perhaps if we consider the fertilized egg as a whole, poised as it seems to be to follow a preset pathway (blueprint or no), then we can discern the incipient individual.

We must ask, Is there a preset pathway? Is there only one road for the fertilized egg to travel? Embryologists have always been impressed by the ability of the embryo to adjust to alterations in its normal path of development. They have studied the embryos of fish, frogs, chickens and mice because these closely resemble human embryos. In fact, when early human and mouse embryos are compared, the process of development is so similar that these embryos are not distinguishable from each other in any significant way. Let us, therefore, consider one experiment.

If a fertilized mouse egg from two white-furred parents goes through four cell divisions, the embryo will have reached the sixteen-cell stage. If this embryo is then brought together with a sixteen-cell embryo from two black-furred parents, a ball of thirty-two cells is formed. This ball of cells will go on to make a single individual with mixed black and white fur: one mouse with four parents, two white and two black. Any particular cell of its body has come from either the one set of parents or the other. A similar event sometimes occurs naturally in humans when two sibling embryos combine into

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one. The resultant person may be completely normal.

If the two original embryos were determined to become particular individuals, such a thing could not happen. The embryos would recognize themselves to be different mice, or different people, and would not unite. But here the cells seem unaware of any distinction between themselves. They seem to recognize each other as early embryonic cells and nothing more. The only explanation is that the individual is not fixed or determined at this early stage. In fact the body pattern has not even begun to form.

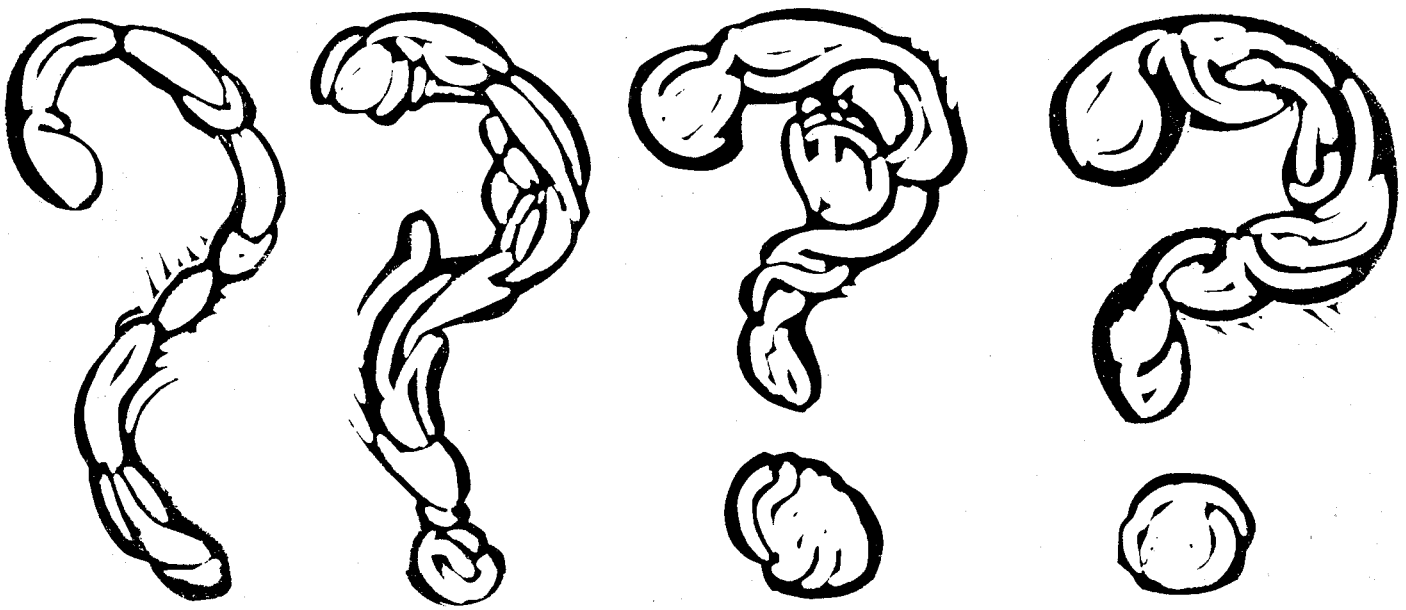
The early human embryo, like the mouse, is a ball of cells. The body pattern of the embryo will be established only very gradually by these cells, and not in a way that one might intuitively expect. The fertilized egg does not divide into one cell destined to make the head, one to make an arm, another a leg. There is no program to specify the fate of each cell. Rather, a cell's behavior is influenced at each stage by its location within the developing body pattern of the embryo. Each stage brings new information, information that will change as the body pattern changes. And each cell will respond to this new information in a somewhat random way. For example, one cell of the sixteen-cell embryo may contribute randomly to the formation of many different organs or structures of the body. Later on a descendant of that cell may find itself restricted to the brain but will still be able to contribute to a wide variety of cell types there. It may make different types of nerve cells or non-nerve cells. And because of the extremely complex cell migrations that take place during the development of the brain, the cell's progeny may function in many regions of the brain.

With this layering of chance event upon chance event the embryo gradually evolves its form. The mixture of chance and planning that goes into every step of the process is what makes each person unique. Even the distinct pattern of ridges and swirls that make up a fingerprint is not preset in the fertilized egg. Identical twins grow from the same egg, have exactly the same DNA and develop in the same maternal environment, yet they have different fingerprints. If something so relatively simple and superficial as a fingerprint arises out of chance events, then what of an organ as complex as the human brain?

The fertilized egg is clearly not a prepackaged human being. There is no body plan, no blueprint, no tiny being pre-formed and waiting to unfold. It is not "complete" or "the totality" of a person. The fertilized egg may follow many different paths; the route will be penned in only as the paths are taken; the particular person that it might become is not yet there. Our genes give us a propensity for certain characteristics, but it is the enactment of the complex process of development that gives us our individual characteristics. So how can an embryo be a human being?

Of course, the embryo is always human; it is of human origin, but so is every egg and every sperm cell. The problem is in the definition of the word "human." It may be either an adjective or a noun. As an adjective it carries no particular moral weight. We have human hair, human fingernails; the human cells in our saliva all have forty-six chromosomes, but they have no special significance. The noun, however, does have a moral dimension. Its synonym "human being" connotes individuality or personhood. It may also be associated with human thoughts and feelings. With respect to the embryo, then, its use may relate to the development of the brain.

In the early embryo a structure forms that biologists call the neural tube. It is a hollow cord of cells that runs along the central axis of the body, complete from head to tail after the first month (human embryos have tails for a while). One end of this tube bulges like the far tip of a long thin balloon being inflated. This area is called the brain, although until the second month of development the cells there do not become nerves; there are no special connections among them and there can be no thoughts. During the third and fourth months, nerve cells appear. Simple reflexes form first. The largest and most complex area of the brain, the cerebrum, develops last of all. In its decision in the *Webster* case the Supreme Court majority took up the issue of "viability"—the point at which the fetus can survive outside the womb—and suggested that this stage might be reached



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as early as the twentieth week. Apart from the question of whether the lungs could function at this point, which in itself is doubtful, there is the more compelling matter of the brain, whose qualities ultimately distinguish us as human beings. In the cerebrum, the mature brain cell pattern is not seen until the sixth or seventh month.

The conscious mind is dauntingly complex, and its workings are just now beginning to be understood. We do know that the structure of the brain—the types and locations of its nerve cells and their interconnections—is intimately related to the function of the brain. The higher faculties must develop very late. Thoughts and feelings must arise very gradually. Thus, an embryo may have fingers, hands, a nose and eyes, even reflex movements, but still have no mind.

The early embryo, before the development of the mature human brain, has only one quality to distinguish it from all other living things: It has the potential to become a human being. But it is a strange kind of potential, having no determined path or blueprint to follow. The fertilized egg cell does not contain its fate, just as a grape seed does not contain wine.

Of course we know the potential of the fertilized egg and the early embryo because we have awareness, thoughts and feelings. But the early embryo has none of these things. This group of cells cannot know its fate or want to become anything. Still, each of us must struggle with the philosophical and moral implications of this type of potential. It may help to remember that potential here is very tenuous and dependent upon the influence of many extrinsic factors. And the very question of potential presents us with a "chicken or the egg" kind of problem. Every egg and every sperm cell in our bodies could contribute to the formation of a human being. Obviously, an egg or sperm cell is not a "complete" human being, but then neither is the fertilized egg. Fertilization, the injection of sperm DNA into the egg, is just one of the many small steps toward full human potential. It seems arbitrary to invest this biological event with any special moral significance. As we have seen, we are more than the sum of our chromosomes; DNA is not destiny.

There will always be arguments based on spiritual or ethical beliefs to convince an individual of the rightness or wrongness of abortion, but each person should first understand the biology to which those beliefs refer. State-imposed restrictions on abortion would clearly take away individual choice in the matter. But the state may not act on the basis of religious tradition. It must recognize the fundamental difference between an embryo and a human being. The nature of embryonic development makes it impossible to think of an egg or a cluster of cells as a person. Time itself must be woven into the fabric of the embryo before it becomes a baby. And most abortions in the United States are performed well before the pattern of the weave is recognizable. Ninety-one percent are performed within three months of fertilization. It would be a great tragedy if, in ignorance of the *process* that is the embryo, state legislators pass laws restricting individual freedom of choice and press them upon the people. The embryo is not a child. It is not a baby. It is not yet a human being. □

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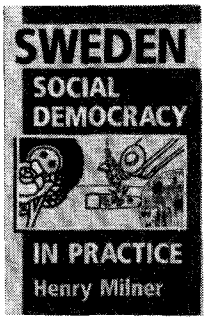

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IRAN AFTER KHOMEINI

Rafsanjani's No Moderate

MANSOUR FARHANG

Ayatollah Khomeini's grave, adorned with a gigantic gold dome, has become a shrine for pilgrims, while the inheritors of his rule are hard at work detaching themselves from his messianic bequest. Over the past six months this delicate task has proceeded with relative ease, but the road ahead remains hazardous. The smooth transfer of power following the Ayatollah's tumultuous burial showed how meticulously the ruling clerics had prepared for their self-preservation. Even though in the last year of his life Khomeini paid little attention to affairs of state, his vacillating attitude toward the rival perspectives on the issues facing the Islamic regime made it impossible for anyone to make effective policy decisions. Ali-Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, then speaker of the Iranian Parliament, had emerged as Khomeini's most favored associate, but even he could not avoid being rebuffed periodically. The Salman Rushdie episode, for example, surprised Rafsanjani in the midst of his friendly postures toward the West.

Long before Khomeini's death many high-level officials in his government wanted to discard the idea of exporting the Islamic revolution and get on with the business of serving the Iranian state's security and economic interests. Except on rare occasions, such as his anguished acceptance of the cease-fire with Iraq, Khomeini ignored the concerns of these individuals and insisted on a crusading foreign policy regardless of cost or consequence. And given his mythical status among the regime's foot soldiers, he could call for perpetual intransigence abroad and self-sacrifice at home with impunity. Few of his lieutenants shared his antimaterialism or outcast internationalism, but they had to echo his views to maintain unity in the regime or preserve their own position. Now that the Ayatollah is dead they have to present themselves as the upholders of his legacy while setting out to redirect the course of the revolution.

Many leading clerics, including President Rafsanjani and spiritual leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, are convinced that a substantive change in both domestic and foreign policy is necessary for the survival of the Islamic Republic. This judgment has compelled them to begin curtailing the ideological rhetoric of the past decade and try to focus their discourse on the need for improvement in social welfare, economic planning and administrative efficiency. The feared drawback is that the shift in priorities will dampen the zeal of the regime's true believers. In this vital constituency are a dozen vigilante groups and approximately 350,000 Revolutionary Guards, who are necessary to prevent widespread popular dissatisfaction with the ruling mullahs from becoming an organized opposition movement. Thus the dilemma facing the clerical leadership is how to calm the political environment without disillusioning the late Ayatollah's followers or encouraging dissident activity.

Rafsanjani and Khamenei have formed an alliance to pursue such a strategy. A plebiscite held simultaneously with the July 28 presidential election abolished the premiership and vastly expanded the authority of the President. For eight years prior to this change, Ali Khamenei's role as President was largely ceremonial. His elevation to the position of spiritual leader has significantly increased his prestige and power. Khamenei's unqualified approval of Rafsanjani's Cabinet members and Rafsanjani's surrender of his responsibility as Commander in Chief of the Iranian armed forces to Khamenei must have been a part of the agreement in forming their alliance. So far a solid majority of parliamentary deputies have deferred to the Rafsanjani-Khamenei leadership. The Parliament speaker, Mehdi Karrubi, has expressed some concern about the absence of radicals (those who remain committed to exporting the Islamic revolution and favor a greater state control of the economy), but he has made no attempt to disturb the momentum of the new President.

Furthermore, the new Chief Justice, Ayatollah Mohammed Yazdi, is certain to act with a high degree of independence, both in interpreting Islamic laws and making judicial appointments. Other leaders, particularly from among the Revolutionary Guard commanders, could gradually emerge to question the work of Khomeini's immediate successors, but for the time being the clerics in control of the executive, spiritual, legislative and judicial branches of government do not face a serious challenge either from inside or outside the regime. Equally significant is the fact that Rafsanjani, Khamenei and Karrubi do not owe their positions to one another. Rafsanjani is the most powerful of the three, but Khamenei and Karrubi are by no means subservient to him. Each considers himself autonomous and deserving of a substantive role in making policy and high-level appointments. Thus, for the first time in its history, Iran is a dictatorship or autocracy without a maximum leader. Rafsanjani has his eyes on the prize, but he cannot actually fill the void without violent and potentially disintegrating purges. At least for now, he seems to have accepted the principle of shared leadership while keeping a larger share of power for himself. In this game he is proving a masterful player.

A major difficulty facing the new leaders is the absence of an independent popular base that they can call their own. They owe their present status among the supporters of the Islamic Republic to the revered legacy of Khomeini, and for the time being must rely on this legacy to sustain their control over the Iranian state and society. The positive aspect of Khomeini's legacy is a pride in national independence and defiance of foreign powers, particularly the United States, whose manipulation of Iranian affairs before the 1979 revo-

Mansour Farhang, professor of politics at Bennington College, is co-author, with William A. Dorman, of The U.S. Press and Iran: Foreign Policy and the Journalism of Deference *(University of California Press).*

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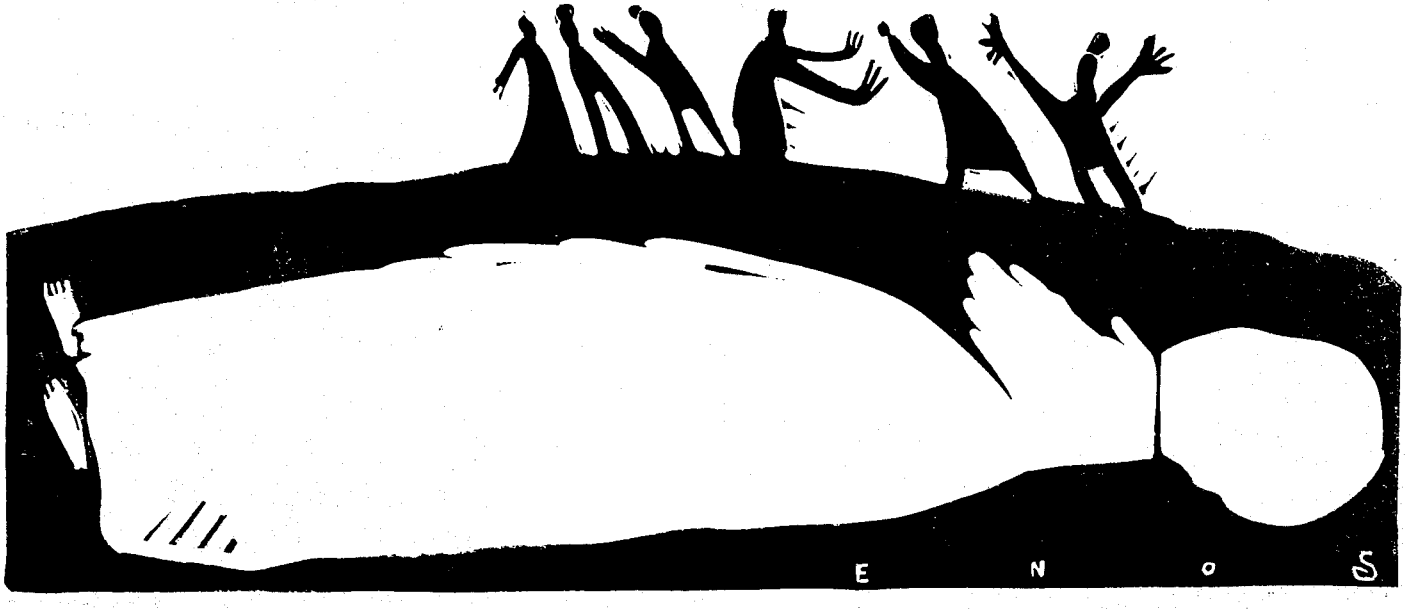
lution was exploitative and arrogant. On the negative side, the Ayatollah has left behind an appalling economic situation, an Iraqi occupation of some Iranian territory despite a cease-fire and a pariah status for Iran in the international community. Even in the realm of dictating "moral" conduct the Khomeini regime's record is dismal. While people are whipped in public for drinking alcohol, underground bootlegging has become a multimillion-dollar trade in the theocracy. Similarly, after nearly 2,000 drug-related executions and the incarceration of 50,000 addicts in labor camps, official statistics put the number of addicts at 1 million. Before the revolution opium dominated drug use in Iran. Today heroin has displaced opium—an ironic victory for modernization in the Islamic Republic.

In the face of these realities three urgent and interrelated tasks confront Rafsanjani's administration: formulating a comprehensive strategy to reconstruct the country's war-torn economy and setting the parameters for private enterprise in this undertaking; normalizing Iran's foreign relations and regaining the confidence of Western creditors and trade partners; and negotiating the withdrawal of Iraqi troops from Iran and signing a peace agreement with Baghdad. On the economic front, Rafsanjani favors a mixed approach. He wants a major role for the state while encouraging the expansion of the private sector. The bazaar merchants support him in this area, and the proponents of either radical or conservative economics lack the capacity to block his policies. In the foreign policy sphere, however, Rafsanjani could encounter serious intransigence from elements of the Revolutionary Guard, war veterans and other admirers of Khomeini's militancy and lunacy. These forces have their spokesmen in Parliament, in the Council for Discernment of Expediency (an eighteen-member body that resolves deadlocks between Parliament and official experts on Islamic law) and in the ranks and leadership of the country's revolutionary organs and semi-official associations.

The presence of Iraqi troops on Iranian territory is an embarrassment to the ruling mullahs, but they have little chance of ending the occupation any time soon. President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, having the military upper hand, demands Teheran's recognition of his sovereignty over the entire Shatt al-Arab, the 120-mile waterway dividing the two countries, as a price for withdrawing his troops from Iran. It would be political suicide for Rafsanjani to make such a concession. His strategy is to persuade Hussein, through international pressure, to accept joint sovereignty over the disputed waterway, which would be a return to the prewar status quo. This is one reason for Iran's rapprochement with the Soviet Union, the principal supplier of arms to Iraq [see Dilip Hiro, "The Ayatollahs and the Bear," October 16]. Rafsanjani's gesture of conciliation toward the Western countries, including the United States, is also designed, at least in part, to generate support for Iran in the deadlocked U.N.-sponsored negotiations between Teheran and Baghdad.

As long as Iraqi troops remain on Iranian soil, Iran has to sustain a high level of military expenditure and mobilization. This seriously hinders efforts to revitalize the nation's economy and calm its political environment. Thus Iran's domestic agenda is intricately connected to the country's foreign policy problems. Rafsanjani's selection of technocrats for key Cabinet posts and his ouster of ministers who tended to speak on a variety of issues without deference to the chief executive demonstrate his resolve to rule with a coordinated and unambiguous voice, a drastic departure from the practices of the past.

Another challenge awaiting Rafsanjani is the probable emergence of a loose coalition of radical elements whose leaders will try to present themselves as the true devotees of Khomeini, implying that Rafsanjani and Khamenei have deviated from his path. The most prominent members of this group are two men who were removed from their positions by Rafsanjani—former Minister of the Interior Ali Akbar Mohtashemi, an open advocate of those holding hostages in Lebanon, and Mohammad Musavi Khoeiniha, former revolutionary prosecutor and the celebrated architect of the November 1979 attack on the U.S. Embassy in Teheran. Mohtashemi and Khoeiniha were Khomeini's



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favorite radicals, and Rafsanjani was unable to stop their interference in foreign policy matters while Khomeini was alive. These radical clerics have some allies within the revolutionary institutions, but they can become a serious force only if Khomeini's son, Ahmad, is willing to join them. The young Khomeini's symbolic appeal to the admirers of his father could be very significant. If he chooses to side with the radical opposition to Rafsanjani's administration, the Islamic Republic will be plagued with the most serious and unpredictable crisis of its existence. Such a development is unlikely in the near term but conceivable in the future. The recent appointment of Ahmad Khomeini, Musavi Khoeiniha and former Prime Minister Mir Hussein Musavi to the Council for Discernment of Expediency was clearly intended to diminish their role as opposition leaders.

However, no matter how intensely the reigning mullahs in Teheran compete with one another over power, perquisites and religiosity, they are likely to remain unanimous in their claim of possessing an exclusive and preordained right to rule Iran. Thus whatever changes Rafsanjani, Khamenei and the 270-member Parliament decide to make in the Islamic Republic, they are apt to continue the repression of dissent for the foreseeable future. Washington officials tend to see Rafsanjani as "moderate" because he sounds less intransigent toward them than his rivals. This perception is as mistaken as the U.S. government's characterization of Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlevi as a modernizer. If a moderate politician is one who, to say the least, exhibits a degree of tolerance toward contrary opinion, then Rafsanjani can hardly qualify. His victory in the presidential election was a foregone conclusion. In Rafsanjani's theocracy the faithful go to the polls to affirm the authority of the self-appointed "viceroys of God on earth." If Islam means submission to the will of God, argue Iran's theocrats, then elections in an Islamic state should only facilitate the submission of believers to the authorized envoys of the Lord.

According to Chief Justice Yazdi, a member of the twelve-cleric Council of Guardians reviewing the applications of seventy-nine men who applied to get their names on the ballot in the presidential election, only Rafsanjani and Abbas Shaibani, a Parliament deputy, were eligible to seek the office—Rafsanjani as the designated winner and Shaibani as the sacrificial lamb. How could there be an electoral contest in a country where dissidents are treated as enemies of the state? The Interior Ministry's announcement that nearly 16 million people voted and Rafsanjani received 94.5 percent of the votes cast was identical with the kind of claim that the Pahlevi dictatorship used to make in its parliamentary elections. President Rafsanjani may adopt a conciliatory posture toward Washington in exchange for resumption of U.S. arms sales to Iran, but he would condemn any serious questioning of his policies as a breach of the country's security and purity. Washington's view of moderation, echoed by many academics and journalists, has little to do with civility or Iran's treatment of its citizens. If a regime serves the strategic or economic interests of the United States it is labeled "moderate." Committing crimes at home does not by itself negate "moderation."

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In the short run, only an assassin's bullet can deny Rafsanjani a measure of success both at home and abroad. After a decade of chaos, war, repression and economic hardship, it will not take much to elevate the spirit and the living conditions of the Iranian people. As time passes, however, Rafsanjani's inclination to continue the suppression of peaceful dissent is certain to make his rule as reprehensible as that of his predecessors. □

FREEDOM TO WRITE HISTORY

The F.B.I. Man Who Cried Libel

MARTIN GARBUS

In August the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit dismissed F.B.I. agent David Price's $25 million libel suit against Peter Matthiessen and Viking Press, the author and publisher respectively of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* [see Peter Matthiessen, "Travels Through Indian America," February 12, 1983]. The decision was a strong reaffirmation of the right of authors and journalists to criticize government officials. It also comes at a time when the Supreme Court has handed down several decisions that severely impair freedom of the press, specifically by placing restrictions on the landmark libel decision *New York Times v. Sullivan.*

The 1964 *Sullivan* decision dramatically changed libel law by setting the requirement that government officials and other public figures who sue for libel must show that the material in question was published with "actual malice"—with full knowledge of the falsity of the charges and with "reckless disregard" for the truth. Chief Justice William Rehnquist and several of his conservative colleagues on the Court have long expressed dissatisfaction with the *Sullivan* case because it subjects state libel laws to national standards. The majority is not expected to overrule *Sullivan* but rather to undermine it. As in their most recent decision on abortion, they will accomplish this by giving the states greater power to define constitutional rights more narrowly. But the *Price* decision upheld the Federal standard and indeed expanded it by clarifying the right of authors and journalists to quote sources on both sides of a dispute, however "hostile" or "disreputable" the sources may be.

The *Price* decision, written by Judge Gerald Heaney, ended one of the longest and most bitterly fought libel suits in U.S. history. Price filed his complaint in 1983, shortly after Viking published Matthiessen's book, which focused on the events leading up to the shootout between Federal agents and members of the American Indian Movement (AIM) occupying the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. Two F.B.I. agents were killed, and Leonard Peltier, a member of AIM, was later convicted of murder. David Price was one of the agents involved in the shootout.

Price said that Matthiessen defamed him by charging that he and other F.B.I. agents engaged in illegal conduct. The book contains allegations that agents induced witnesses to commit perjury and obstructed justice in the Peltier case and others, that they were racists and killers, and that they were "corrupt and vicious" in their treatment of the Indians on the reservation. These accusations were drawn from a variety of sources, including AIM members. Matthiessen concluded that Peltier's conviction may have been a miscarriage of justice because of F.B.I. misconduct and that the Bureau's actions were part of a larger conspiracy to crush the Indian movement.

Price tried to impugn Matthiessen's sources by pointing out that some of them were AIM members who had been convicted of criminal acts for the occupation of Wounded Knee. Price called their supporters and lawyers "gangsters, hoodlums and liars."

Price's suit demonstrated what many legal experts have long contended: that libel actions can be a powerful form of censorship, in this instance by government officials who were criticized for misconduct. It was filed with the approval and support of the F.B.I., and there were rumors, never confirmed, that the Bureau set up a fund to pay for all or part of Price's legal expenses. After the suit was filed a planned paperback edition of *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* was canceled.

The trial cost Matthiessen and Viking more than $1 million. In addition, Matthiessen, his editor and his publisher spent a miserable six years in a lawsuit that Judge Heaney himself characterized as "acrimonious." There were six different decisions by three different courts in two states before the case reached the Federal Court of Appeals. And Matthiessen is still fighting a separate suit filed by the former Governor of South Dakota, William Janklow, who charges the book libels him by calling him a racist and a bigot.

Price and the F.B.I. filed suit in Federal court in South Dakota on the theory that the jury would be dominated by white ranchers in a state where there is considerable anti-Indian sentiment and would thus render a devastating multimillion-dollar verdict against a New York author and publisher. The defendants, however, objected that they couldn't get a fair trial before such jurors, and the trial was transferred to Minneapolis, perhaps the best city in the United States in which to defend such a case. Jurors there are knowledgeable about Indian affairs and, over the years, have shown sympathy for press concerns, as have many of the judges. Judges in Minneapolis have been more skeptical of government claims than those in South Dakota.

In 1987 a Federal district judge dismissed the suits, and Price appealed. In his decision Judge Heaney, writing for a three-judge panel, gave a ringing affirmation of *New York Times v. Sullivan*:

> The motivating factor in the Court's analysis was protection for criticism of public officials and speech regarding issues of

Martin Garbus, author of Traitors and Heroes *(Atheneum) and a New York trial attorney, defended Peter Matthiessen and Viking Press in the libel suits filed by David Price and William Janklow.*

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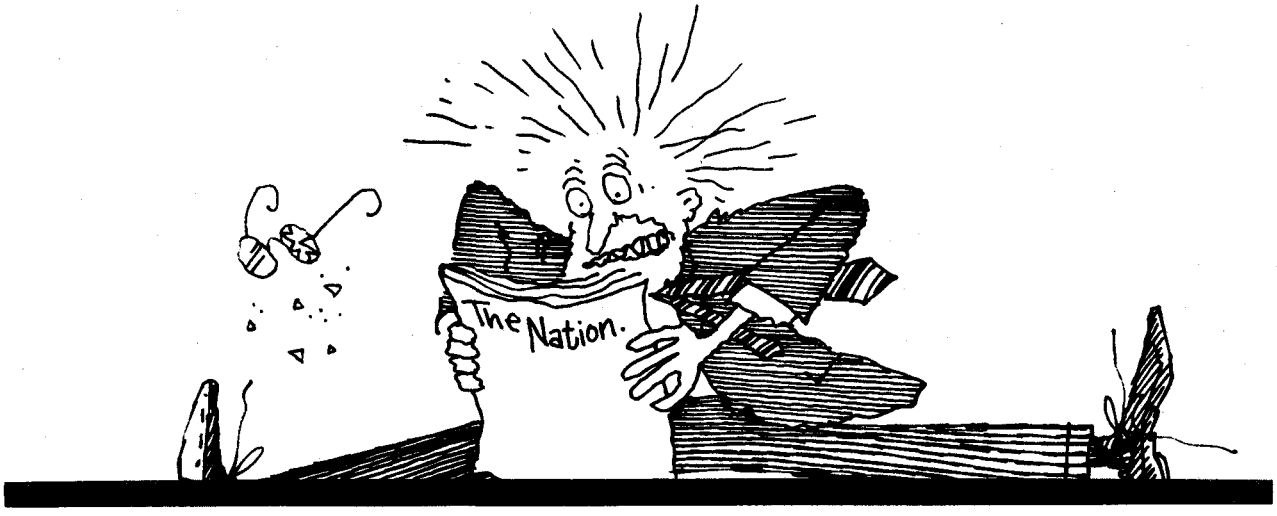

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political concern. The *New York Times* standard was constructed in light of three truths about public speech. First, false statements would necessarily occur in the course of a vigorous public debate. Second, absent protection for even false statements, destructive self-censorship would result. *Third, the legal standards for defamation must protect defendants from the self-censorship imposed by threats of litigation.* The Court felt that debate on matters of public concern "should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open . . . [though] it may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials." [Emphasis added.]

The Federal Court of Appeals resolved an extraordinary conflict in libel law: whether or not it is libelous to repeat the charges and countercharges made during a political controversy. Price relied on the previously accepted law that repeating a false accusation against a government official could be libelous. But Matthiessen argued that some of the accusations he reported were true and that, in any event, even when he doubted the truth of the accusation, the reporting of that accusation was necessary because it showed the Indians' view of events. He said a writer discussing government officials must be free to present the views of government critics.

Price and the F.B.I. sought to make a distinction between so-called responsible critics—for example, a member of Congress, the *New York Times* editorial page or court records, all of which Matthiessen quoted—and sources whom Price described as "criminals and their supporters": leftists, AIM members and their sympathizers. This distinction between "good" and "bad" sources had been accepted by the lower courts. The question of whom writers may quote without fear of libel pervades all writing about controversial matters involving living people. Unless authors can quote both sides and rely on all sources they cannot contribute to the historical record.

In resolving this issue, Judge Heaney resurrected and then expanded a controversial concept: the doctrine of neutral reportage privilege, first articulated by Federal Judge Irving Kaufman in 1977. Kaufman held that authors may present accusations made by participants in a controversy even if the authors know them to be false. But Kaufman also said that while authors may safely report the accusations of a public official, they are on more dangerous ground when they rely on the words of an ordinary citizen.

Judge Heaney and his colleagues agreed that even if a government official could be injured by such false reports, to suppress them would unduly inhibit the debate. They also recognized the importance of a national standard, rather than a different set of rules for each state. For if a book or newspaper or television show could be suppressed in a particular state by the threat of a libel suit, the national media would avoid controversial subjects. Judge Heaney wrote:

> Sometimes it is difficult to write about controversial events without getting into some controversy along the way. In this setting, we have decided that the Constitution requires more speech rather than less. Our decision is an anomaly in a time when tort analysis increasingly focuses on whether there was an injury, for in deciding this case we have searched diligently for fault and ignored certain injury. But there is a larger injury to be considered, the damage done to every American when a book is pulled from a shelf, as in this case, or when an idea is not circulated.
>
> In its entirety, *Crazy Horse* focuses more on public institutions and social forces than it does on any public official. The sentiments it expresses are debatable. We favor letting the debate continue.

Contrast Heaney's decision with the Supreme Court's anti-press rulings in three separate cases this past June: First, it refused to prohibit punitive damage awards in libel cases. Second, it refused to set aside a $2 million award against the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, the largest damage award actually imposed on a newspaper in U.S. history. In the third case, perhaps the most dangerous, the Court upheld a jury verdict against an Ohio newspaper because its story about a political candidate did not include information that would have made the story more balanced. In a number of previous cases the Court had refused to impose liability on a newspaper for material that it did not print; the Court would find libel only in what was printed. The Ohio case erodes that precedent.

We can hope the Federal Court of Appeals landmark decision and the values it expresses will be followed by other courts rather than the different messages coming from the Supreme Court. The *Price* case could become a standard for courts to follow as an alternative to the kind of decisions the Supreme Court will probably hand down in the 1990s. Had the *Price* case gone the other way the results would have been calamitous; reporters would have been reluctant to rely on sources that judges and juries might find disreputable and officials would have been encouraged to silence their critics with costly libel suits financed by government resources.

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Our Founding Fathers' vision of a free and vigorous press could be damaged severely if the Supreme Court reverses the *Price* case. Although a successful appeal is unlikely, the Court, in other press cases before it, will bring further bad news to the media.

I still find the *Sullivan* case most persuasive; it appropriately balances the scales between a free press and responsible reporting. Justice Hugo Black, in his opinion in that case, wrote, "I doubt that a country can live in freedom where its people can be made to suffer physically or financially for criticizing their government, its actions, or its officials." His doubt does not appear to be uppermost in the minds of the majority of the American people, today's journalists or Supreme Court Justices. □

Johnny-Too-Bad

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

It is the largest posse operating in the United States; its two leaders, Lester Coke and Vivian Blake, are both wanted by the Justice Department. Coke was extradited to Jamaica in 1987 to face murder charges there, and he was later charged with twelve homicides in Florida. After he was acquitted by the Supreme Court of Jamaica, his jubilant Tivoli supporters massed in front of the courthouse and fired guns to show their delight at the verdict. Vivian Blake was indicted for Shower-related crimes by a Florida grand jury last year. Both are fugitives in Jamaica.

It may be stretching things to describe the Renkers as a top-ranking posse. "It was a syndicate, yes, but not a posse," said a Kingston-to-Brooklyn migrant, drawing a sharp distinction between Delroy Edwards's crack gang and tightly organized, transnational gun-and-drug outfits like the Shower. The prosecution, however, successfully depicted Edwards as the ruthless overlord of a Crown Heights–Bedford-Stuyvesant crack empire that had branched out to Washington and Philadelphia and was making as much as $100,000 a week by 1987, its best year.

Jamaicans who knew the Renkers claim that it was a case of "big money, short time," a deadly but disorganized gang that rose and fell swiftly, falling apart when Edwards was arrested in March 1988 for a murder at Love People One, the posse's favorite disco. Two months earlier, a man had been fatally shot inside the club after allegedly stepping on Delroy's foot. Edwards was indicted for the murder.

However brief its reign, the Renkers posse lived up to its name. It was born on a street corner in Central Kingston, the city's waterfront ghetto, a sad relic of the days when the harbor bustled with United Fruit Company piers, English tourists and American sailors who patronized the neighborhood's classy bordellos. The once gracious dwellings are tenement yards now, but some of the sun-faded pastel cottages still have proud names like "Harlem" and "Perseverance" carved into their gateposts.

"Central" has been Prime Minister Michael Manley's parliamentary constituency for three decades. But Edward Seaga, his right-wing nemesis, has a strong, violent, cocaine-dealing contingent of supporters in the southeastern section of the neighborhood. "South" is a stronghold for Seaga's Jamaica Labour Party (J.L.P.).

Election-related gang warfare using automatic weapons began in earnest during the 1976 campaign, when the C.I.A., under its Director, George Bush, carried out a widely reported drive to destabilize the Manley government. The Renkers began life as a J.L.P. posse during the 1980 election campaign, an undeclared ten-month-long civil war that killed almost a thousand islanders, most of them the Kingston ghetto-dwellers whom Jamaicans honor with the title "the sufferers." As in 1976, the election pitted Seaga against the incumbent Manley, with Washington doing its best to turn the vote into a symbolic East-West confrontation. Manley was a Social Democrat and a friend of Fidel Castro; Seaga was a friend of President Ronald Reagan. This time Seaga won.

Edwards says that he was paid $10 a week to shoot up Central and South during the campaign by associates of Ryan Peralto, the local parliamentary candidate for the J.L.P. "Politics turned him into a monster," said a Central man who remembers seeing victims of the Renkers lying in the neighborhood's trash-choked gullies.

The much larger Shower posse has served Seaga since 1979, when the profits from its Miami and New York marijuana sales purchased hundreds of guns in the United States for the J.L.P.'s ghetto paladins. Seaga's stronghold of Tivoli Gardens spawned an army of mercenaries, who killed more than their share of the 1,000 sufferers who died during the 1980 elections. "The amount of guns that Tivoli has today, Seaga wouldn't pay money for them," said a former Shower posse shootist now in the Federal Witness Protection Program. "We send down the guns like food, in barrels." As for the relationship between the former Prime Minister and Shower leader Vivian Blake, "Seaga looks up to him because Vivian sends a lot of money and guns to the sufferers." The J.L.P. has controlled Kingston's wharves since the labor struggles of the 1930s; a half-century later, J.L.P. posses can rely on wharf officials to let their ganja out and their guns in.

With its Westminster-style two-party system and its regular elections, Jamaica wears a polite parliamentary facade. But in the ghettos, where people drink salt water to fill empty bellies, the posses are the crucial link between the sufferers and the politicians. The local members of parliament funnel jobs, money and guns to their constituencies through the gangs. The posse dons are not called "community leaders" for nothing.

But it's a short run with glory. When the gunman gets "too big 'bout ya, too broad," the politician quietly lets the police hunt him down. After the 1980 election, Seaga's J.L.P. was especially eager to get rid of superfluous shootists and small-time enforcers like Delroy Edwards.

Laurie Gunst is New York correspondent for the Pacific News Service. She is currently completing a book on Jamaican political violence and the origins of the posses.

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"You have a community leader who has done work for you, but now you do not have any more largesse to give out," explained Winston Witter, the ghetto-bred news editor of *The Jamaica Record*. "But still you have this man who is literally terrorizing you: 'Boss, I have done work for you in the election. What can you do for me now?'"

The answer was police "eradication squads," which committed more than 200 homicides a year—more than a third of the island's total. Human rights organizations such as Amnesty International and Americas Watch began to monitor police brutality in Jamaica [see Bell Gale Chevigny, "Killer Cops," September 13, 1986]. By then young posse men had got the message. They began to head north.

Once they were safely in the United States, the Kingston posses began their rapid transformation from political gangs to cocaine syndicates. But they kept their old party vendettas alive and their loyalties intact. The pro-Manley Spangler posse, spawned in a West Kingston slum in the 1970s, took root in Miami and New York, where it cornered the crack market on Edgecombe Avenue in Harlem. In the Bronx, where most of the Jamaican migrants are pro-Seaga, the Shower posse set up operations. Brooklyn was colonized by an earlier generation of Jamaicans who were devoted followers of Michael Manley's father, the founder of the People's National Party (P.N.P.). But although the borough still harbors a P.N.P. majority, it is an open frontier for the posses. "Brooklyn is still the Wild West," said John O'Brien, a New York agent with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms.

"The people we interview will tell us flat out that the Shower people here support Seaga and the Spanglers support Manley," said Bill Fredericks, a New York A.T.F. agent who worked for two years on the Renkers case. Like most posse experts, Fredericks believes that the gangs have lost their political edge. "They're more interested in buying Mercedes-Benzes than in sending money home to the P.N.P. or the J.L.P.," Fredericks said.

But Jamaicans here say they still feel the pressure drop of island politics. "Them is drug posse, yes," said a friend of Edwards. "But them still have the political consideration. Sometimes you have the men who can think reasonable and just make money. But all the while them have they politics." Delroy Edwards kept his. Returning to Kingston for a Christmas visit in 1987, he went back to his old Renkers haunts to chill out. Before he came back to Brooklyn on a "bandooloo," or forged passport, he held a dance in the J.L.P. neighborhood and handed out U.S. dollars to old friends.

Languishing in jail last winter while he waited for his postponed trial to begin, Edwards looked back angrily to the Kingston roots of his criminal career. He avowed that he had been a "political activist" for the J.L.P, "but you'll never get the big-men-them to admit to that," he said, shaking his head. "Seaga is the biggest gangster of them all."

"It was the politicians who first brought the guns into South," Edwards went on. "But all they ever did for us was tell us where to throw stone and lick shot."

Like the singer-gunfighter played by Jimmy Cliff in *The Harder They Come*, many a "Johnny-Too-Bad" becomes a ghetto hero in Kingston, a Robin Hood who steals from the rich and gives to the sufferers. Gang leaders like the J.L.P.'s Claudie Massop and the P.N.P.'s Bucky Marshall became heroes in 1978 after they defied Seaga and Manley and made a short-lived but well-remembered truce.

Edwards never got that far. He left Kingston in the post-1980 posse exodus and entered the United States illegally, through Mexico, on his way to Brooklyn. His father, Lloyd (Pants) Edwards, had a grocery store on Rogers Avenue in the Crown Heights section, where he did a brisk sideline trade in ganja. In 1982 somebody murdered Lloyd in his store. The men who drank overproof rum and played dominoes with Lloyd Edwards say that Delroy killed his father, eager to take over the ganja trade. (He has not been indicted for the murder.)

Rather than wait to bring up his own Renkers allies from Kingston, Delroy found a crew of homeboys and raw-recruit Jamaicans to sell his drugs. "Edwards didn't treat his employees well," noted prosecuting attorney John Gleeson at the trial. "He didn't pay them. He beat them. He shot them." In 1986 Edwards went into business with his uncle, Kenneth Manning. Together they remodeled Lloyd Edwards's old store in Crown Heights. It came to look very much like a corner rum store in Central Kingston, with an apartment upstairs. Next door they opened the D and D Car Service, which doubled as a courier fleet.

The two men used couriers to buy their cocaine in the Bahamas and Los Angeles, then cooked it into crack at Rogers Avenue and in a new house in Amityville, Long Island, that Delroy had bought. But the posse was soon embroiled in turf wars for spots to retail the crack. "The Renkers was fighting a war on two fronts, eastern and western," said Detective Harry Malone of Brooklyn North Homicide. By late 1987 Malone had responded to enough homicide calls involving the posse to become something of a Renkers expert. On the eastern front, in Brownsville, the gang shot its way into a crack spot on Saratoga and Newport Avenues that had first belonged to the Forties, a P.N.P. posse from Rockfort, Kingston. Farther west, the Forties controlled a lucrative spot called Greenfence, which Edwards also coveted. As if rival gangs weren't enough, the up-and-coming Renkers also had to fend off corrupt cops from the 77th Precinct, known among the Jamaicans of Bedford-Stuyvesant as "the posse in blue."

At the crest of its wave the Renkers began to fragment. It was torn apart by its own violence, and by the same entrepreneurial ambition in its ranks that destroys most drug gangs. Delroy Edwards's trial painted a picture of an organization at war with itself. Kenneth Manning testified that he had skimmed as much as $5,000 a week from his nephew.

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As his troops stole his money and his crack, the trial testimony revealed, Edwards retaliated with enough shootings, beatings and murders to bring down the heat.

The murder of one young cohort, Norman Allwood, was described repeatedly through the trial testimony. Sixteen years old and terrified of Edwards, Allwood was tortured to death in the basement of a Brooklyn crack house in January 1987. Six Renkers men first beat him unconscious with baseball bats. Then Manning, laughing at their ineptitude, poured boiling water on Allwood's face to revive him. They hung him, still alive, in padlocked chains from a ceiling beam. In the morning four men came back to wrap his corpse in garbage bags and dump it near a Forties spot. Two months later Janet Allwood was called by police to identify her brother's frozen body. "Delroy just thought he was God," she told me.

The Brooklyn jury, unnerved after six weeks of this kind of grisly evidence, found Delroy Edwards guilty on all forty-two counts of the racketeering indictment, including the six murder charges. Back in Kingston, the sufferers still remember Delroy, and some of them hail him as a brother who prospered briefly in the United States. Near the Renkers' Central Kingston base, at the corner of Tower and Fleet Streets, there is a rum shop fittingly named "Brooklyn Corner." Central also has its own passport and visa office, an old cottage whose tenant buys documents from customs officials and sells them to posse hopefuls. A bandooloo visa goes for $2,000, the money always supplied by a posse member already established in the States. Brooklyn is just a shot away.

To the New York Jamaican community, a half-million strong, the posses are a scourge. "I'm here to watch him meet his doom," said a Crown Heights neighbor who still believes Delroy murdered his own father. "Everything they testify to in court, we knew it long time now 'pon the street. I'm here to listen 'bout how these guys squandered what they had."

The trial testimony about Delroy's two Mercedes-Benzes, several houses and the $250,000 worth of gold jewelry confiscated by the government was an affront to a struggling immigrant community where people "walk good" and sacrifice to send survival dollars home. "They thought the money would never end," said a soft-spoken Jamaican nurse who came twice to the Brooklyn courthouse. "But none o' them try fi' help their brother and sister. Them just buy these damned expensive cars. Them was scavengers."

A man now living in the Bronx, who knew Delroy as a youth, sees him and all the posse men as the murderous product of Jamaica's "politricks and the shitstem." The man says, "He made himself a protector in the ghetto by intimidating the people. And it was worse up here. When him come up here, there is an agonizing frustration. Him never really get enough. Him hungry an' him angry. An' some of the things him do up here, seem like him do them fi' get back fi' things at home." For this man the trial testimony about Norman Allwood's death was reminiscent of the rampages of the 1980 election campaign. "That is a rerun of 1980," he said. "Them thing is norms." □

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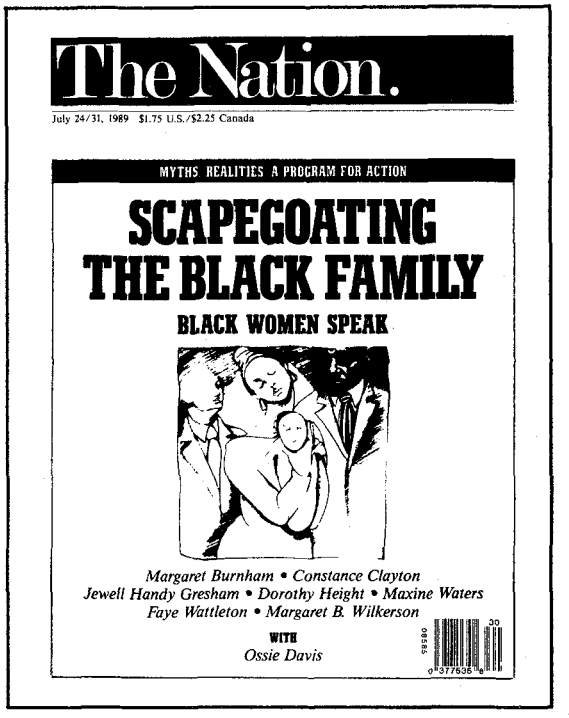
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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Doing Edgar Proud

DIANA R. GORDON

As a small girl I knew the names of only two public officials—the President and J. Edgar Hoover. I listened to "The F.B.I. in Peace and War" on the radio and believed that Communists and bank robbers, the F.B.I.'s principal targets, were the direst threats to the nation. I was a fairly typical American.

The F.B.I.'s propaganda machine manufactured more than its image as protector of small-town 10-year-olds from treason and terror. With what Hoover called the "educational campaign"—not only public warnings about the Red menace, like his 1958 anti-Communist tirade, *Masters of Deceit*, but also information leaks to a dozen Congressional committees and the placement of informers in organizations like the American Legion—the Bureau also shaped cold war politics for at least a decade after World War II. Another legacy, to which others have of course contributed, is the continuing American tendency to equate dissent with subversion.

Subsequent directors could not so easily make use of Presidents, attorneys general, members of Congress, Hollywood moguls and prominent journalists. The revelations of Cointelpro and Watergate, and skillful use of the Freedom of Information Act (which they made possible), saw to that. Yet the current spate of books about the dirty tricks and tricksters of the F.B.I. warn us that awareness of the manipulations of the past does not render us invulnerable to less blatant seductions in the present and future.

There have been at least three waves of literature critical of the F.B.I. With the exception of Max Lowenthal's 1950 book, *The Federal Bureau of Investigation*, which revealed Hoover's involvement in the infamous Palmer raids of 1919 and 1920, the early exposés—Fred Cook's *The FBI Nobody Knows* and Norman Ollestad's *Inside the FBI*, written in the 1960s, and William Turner's *Hoover's FBI: The Men and the Myth*—presented the Bureau as a sort of Lewis Carroll nightmare, with Hoover as a grim Mad Hatter.

Such unsympathetic portrayals did not, however, undermine the popular image of the F.B.I. as the incorruptible defender of American values. That may be due in part to the Bureau's success in subverting those values, suppressing both the Cook and Lowenthal books and seeing to it that Lowenthal's loyalty was questioned by the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was not until the break-in in 1971 at the F.B.I. office in Media, Pennsylvania, that the Bureau's image was seriously tarnished. Still-unidentified activists stole documents from files that revealed unequivocally that the F.B.I. was spying on the lawful activities of millions of Americans and that it was systematically trying to "expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize" activist movements.

IN THIS REVIEW

THE BOSS: J. Edgar Hoover and the Great American Inquisition. *By Athan G. Theoharis and John Stuart Cox. Temple University Press. 489 pp. $27.95.*

"RACIAL MATTERS": The FBI's Secret File on Black America, 1960-72. *By Kenneth O'Reilly. The Free Press/Macmillan. 443 pp. $24.95.*

THE LIBERALS AND J. EDGAR HOOVER. *By William W. Keller. Princeton University Press. 215 pp. $25.*

AGENTS OF REPRESSION: The FBI's Secret Wars Against the Black Panther Party and the American Indian Movement. *By Ward Churchill and Jim Vander Wall. South End Press. 509 pp. Paper $15.*

WAR AT HOME: Covert Action Against U.S. Activists and What We Can Do About It. *By Brian Glick. South End Press. 92 pp. Paper $5.*

The discovery fueled a second burst of critical literature. This time the focus tended to be on the Bureau's political skulduggery, with writers usually zeroing in on particular travesties. (A notable exception to this generalization is Sanford Ungar's magnificent institutional biography, *FBI*, which touches on every important aspect of Bureau activity known before 1976, when it was published.) These books ranged in tone from the outraged—for example, Noam Chomsky's "Introduction" to *COINTELPRO: The FBI's Secret War on Political Freedom*—to the measured, as in David Garrow's scholarly but nonetheless damning *The FBI and Martin Luther King, Jr.*

The authors of the latest wave of F.B.I. books also seek to unmask the Bureau's damaged face, blemish by blemish—its Cointelpro campaign against the Black Panther Party, its plan for emergency detention of dissidents in 1950 if the cold war turned hot—but they have larger aims, too. In trying to explain as well as chronicle, they go well beyond the characterization of illegal Bureau activities as isolated excesses to suggest that they may be endemic to internal security agencies in the U.S. political system, or even that the F.B.I.'s darker side may be functional to the liberal state.

This perspective doesn't diminish the significance of J. Edgar Hoover as an architect of abuses. Rather, it explains him as the product of his political world, as Theoharis and Cox's first-rate 1988 biography demonstrates. They depict him as a "sad, impoverished man," a "fearful and compulsive maverick" who "identified political radicalism with filth and licentiousness." He was the apotheosis of the racialism, nativism and ethnocentrism that were at the core of American politics, at least until World War II, and he shaped his agency accordingly. This is the dominant theme of *The Boss.*

In this respect, as in several others, the biography by Theoharis and Cox is quite different from *Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover*, by Richard Gid Powers, which received much more attention when it was published in 1987 [see Anthony Marro's review, "Child of Darkness," March 21, 1987]. For Powers, much of Hoover's authority can be attributed to his ability to "stand as a pillar of old-fashioned morality," an exem-

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plar of small-town nineteenth-century culture. Powers's Hoover responds to popular demand rather than whipping up popular prejudices; he is a folk hero rather than a closet dictator. For Theoharis and Cox, however, his source of power was active and manipulative: "the files; his ability to avert critical scrutiny and independent knowledge of his administration of the F.B.I.; services rendered to VIPs; information given to politicians about their opponents and to high-ranking corporate officials about militant labor unionism; and his cozy relationship with key reporters, editors and syndicated columnists."

The two books assess Hoover's motivations differently, too. Powers's Hoover is almost always infused with moral purpose, however misguided, but Theoharis and Cox's young Hoover masterminded the Palmer raids at least in part because there was an opportunity for a "ruthlessly manipulative" up-and-coming bureaucrat to advance. Theoharis and Cox elaborate at length on Hoover's almost instinctive tendency to investigate those who criticized him or the Bureau, a practice that evokes almost no comment from Powers.

I find the Theoharis and Cox interpretation more persuasive. Powers seems to think Hoover's flaw was method, not politics. And he compliments Hoover for relying on the facts, while Theoharis and Cox (like others before them) show that often Hoover cared not a whit about the facts or distorted them to his advantage. For example, Lyndon Johnson tried to solve the political problem of opposition to his foreign policy by getting Hoover to declare that antiwar demonstrations had been instigated by Communists. Hoover was only too willing to comply, relying for "evidence" solely on the opinions of conservative columnists. This anecdote, by the way, illuminates another of the book's strengths: its particulars on Hoover's relationships with several U.S. presidents.

The Boss has shortcomings, however. Its authors barely touch on Bureau harassment of civil rights and black liberation activists and the student movement, perhaps reflecting a view that the "great American inquisition" of the subtitle should not be widened beyond pursuit of Communists. But what it does cover is handled with precision and color and attention to detail.

"Racial Matters," by Kenneth O'Reilly, a masterful study of the Bureau's fight against racial justice in the 1960s, fills in one of the gaps in Theoharis and Cox's story. Like those authors, O'Reilly has high scholarly standards and achieves a seamless integration of documentary sources and interviews. A protégé of Theoharis and the author of another fine book about the F.B.I., *Hoover and the Un-Americans: The FBI, HUAC, and the Red Menace*, he too stresses the influence of political forces on Hoover's policy and tactics.

O'Reilly makes clear that racism in American society and in the F.B.I. went hand in hand from the start. In 1917 the Bureau investigated rumors that German agents were recruiting black Americans for a rear-guard action, and two years later Hoover ordered that "Negro leaders" be monitored. Even then black informers "infiltrated every racial advancement and black nationalist group, from the moderate National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the immoderate African Blood Brotherhood."

A later watershed in the Bureau's posture toward blacks was the 1963 March on Washington. In its wake Hoover moved from foot-dragging on civil rights enforcement and relatively passive

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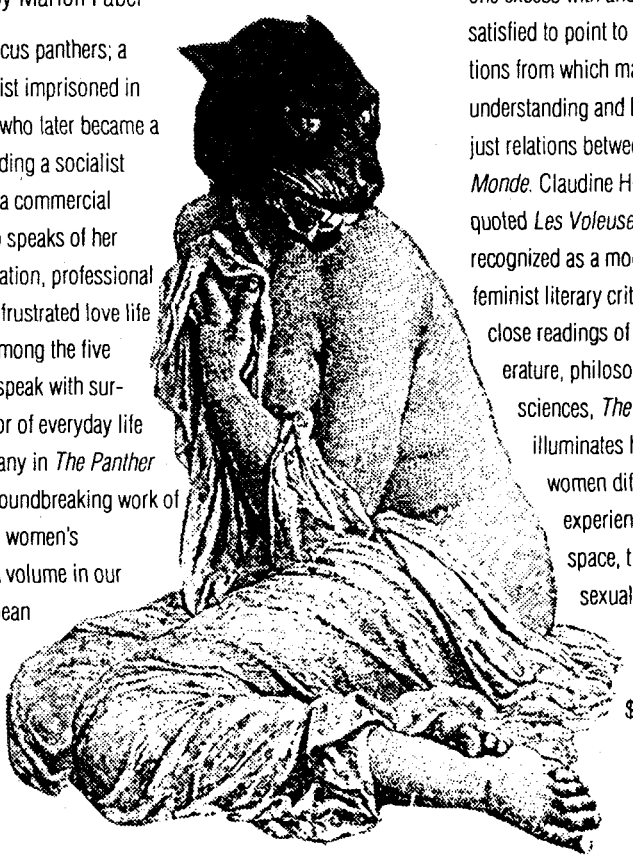

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intelligence gathering on "subversive" elements among black activists to an attempt to destroy the civil rights movement. It was then that Hoover realized that the country was, as he himself put it, "in the midst of a social revolution with the racial movement at its core," and that threat impelled him to wiretap the phone of Martin Luther King Jr., the revolution's villainous leader.

O'Reilly also implicates the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations in Hoover's decision and its consequences. He is worth quoting on this point:

> Responsibility for the FBI record does not stop with Hoover himself or his fellow internal security bureaucrats. In the forefront were elected officials and the men they brought with them to Washington, men who solicited "racial matters" intelligence from the FBI even as they pursued racial justice through the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. . . . Bureau officials fought against the struggle for black equality for so long and with so much firepower because responsible government officials allowed them, and encouraged them, to do so.

The Kennedys' unwillingness to protect voter registration workers in the South and their prosecution of demonstrators for civil disobedience in Albany, Georgia, well documented by O'Reilly, bear out his conclusion. If anything, his assertion that "Robert and John Kennedy did not believe they could ignore political reality" is too mild a comment on the political calculations that cost the country both lives and dreams.

The Liberals and J. Edgar Hoover performs a valuable service in trying to answer the troubling question of why liberal political leaders—not only the Kennedys and L.B.J. but also Franklin Roosevelt and senators like Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas and Herbert Lehman—so frequently supported Bureau misdeeds. William Keller's thesis is that during the cold war, liberals in both Congress and the Oval Office wanted to remove internal security issues from the legislative arena so they would not have to take unpopular stands in defense of civil rights and civil liberties. Having once given free rein to the F.B.I., liberals could not or would not assert control until the scandals of the 1970s. During that twenty-year period the F.B.I. became a kind of internal security state, answerable only to itself.

Keller sees an intimate relationship between the domestic security agency and the liberal state that has created it: It resolves "the tension between society and state [which] is manifested when the security interests of the state conflict with political and constitutional rights of groups and individuals who assert an adversarial ideology or who organize to resist large-scale policies such as the war in Vietnam and the extension of civil rights to blacks in the South."

That this tension exists and is important in understanding the politics of domestic security is undeniable. That it explains the autonomy and insularity of the F.B.I. in either the politics of the McCarran-Walter Act or the Cointelpro campaigns against the Ku Klux Klan and the civil rights movement—Keller's two case studies—is doubtful. Congressional conservatives and the media, as Theoharis and Cox establish, were surely more responsible than liberals for the untouchability of the Bureau in its halcyon days between the end of World War II and the late 1960s. And the F.B.I.'s license to spy long predated the cold war atmosphere in which the liberals capitulated; Hoover began keeping files of derogatory information on people in 1925. Finally, to trace a direct line from the internal security policy of the McCarthy era to the counterintelligence operations against white hate groups beginning in 1964 seems tenuous when there is no evidence that liberal political leaders (with the possible exception of Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach) knew about them.

This reservation about Keller's book should not be taken as a dismissal. His theory that a liberal state needs a relatively autonomous internal security agency to reconcile its promise of rights with its need to control has important implications for the future. It suggests that the Bureau will continue to suppress dissent in secret, despite Hoover's death and the damage done to its image by past scandals. *Agents of Repression* and *War at Home* recount post-Hoover abuses, including the recent revelations that fifty-two F.B.I. offices participated in a three-year investigation of the Committee in Solidarity With the People of El Salvador (Cispes) and other groups (1,330 of them, the Senate Intelligence Committee now tells us) that were exercising their lawful right to oppose U.S. foreign policy.

These are both activists' books, with predictable strengths and weaknesses. Ward Churchill and Jim Vander Wall provide a valuable synthesis of what is

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known about the Cointelpro campaign to wipe out the Black Panther Party, and they make a case that Cointelpro-type operations—supposedly halted in 1971—were directed against the American Indian Movement (AIM) during the mid-1970s. But *Agents of Repression* does not give much new information in its account of the F.B.I.'s war against Indians. There is no doubt that the Bureau directed a four-year siege against AIM activists and residents of the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota or that it mounted what the chair of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission called "a full-scale military type invasion" of the reservation in 1975 after two agents were killed in a shootout. Later the F.B.I. aided Federal prosecutors in bringing a case against two activist defendants that was so riddled with perjury and fabricated evidence that the judge dismissed the case.

Churchill and Vander Wall go further, however, and argue that the F.B.I. relied on Cointelpro-type methods to crush AIM—infiltration, disinformation, break-ins, setting movement members against one another, even assassination. But even a reader who is inclined to believe their allegations will want more evidence than they provide. They maintain, for example, that the F.B.I., "either directly or through the Pine Ridge B.I.A. [Bureau of Indian Affairs]," provided rifles and ammunition to the Indian goon squads (that's what they called themselves) hired by the Oglala tribal chief to terrorize the movement. This seems unlikely, at least in the later years of the siege, when the F.B.I. wanted total control and was unwilling to support the B.I.A. police, whom it called "untrained, poorly educated, and in some cases convicted felons"; under the circumstances, the Bureau would hardly have armed a group of undisciplined vigilantes. At the very least the assertion should be qualified as speculative, as Peter Matthiessen suggested in his monumental work *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse.*

War at Home is a fine introduction to the repressive techniques used by internal security agents (primarily but not exclusively the F.B.I.) against political activists. Informed by author Brian Glick's personal experience in representing defendants in two Black Panther cases, it describes harassment tactics of many kinds—for example, psychological warfare like bogus pamphlets, break-ins, anonymous letters and tampering with mail—and counsels the reader on how to

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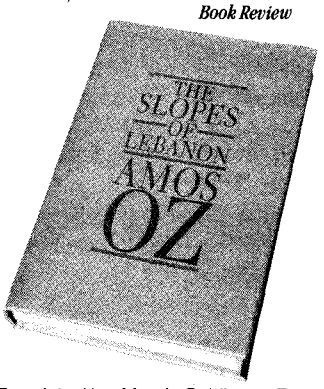

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deal with them. My favorite item in the section on harassment through the legal system is a page headed, "If the F.B.I. Drops By, *JUST SAY NO*," which makes the unassailable point about police investigators that "You can never tell how a seemingly harmless bit of information can help them hurt you or someone else."

Glick also provides a capsule summary of past and present government abuses that is quite effective, if occasionally tinged with rhetorical excess. Best of all, for readers new to Cointelpro and its progeny, the last few pages reproduce several (edited) F.B.I. memorandums that demonstrate the blatancy of campaigns against the Communist Party, the Puerto Rican independence movement and black liberation groups.

These books induce extreme skepticism of the Senate Intelligence Committee's conclusion last year that the Cispes investigation was an "aberration" in the post-Hoover F.B.I. To be sure, the Bureau's director cannot now become a permanent fixture, its operations are subject to at least nominal Congressional oversight, and the F.O.I.A. has opened windows for reporters, scholars and activists. On the other hand, Congress has never been willing to mandate detailed and comprehensive standards for F.B.I. activities, a lapse that President Reagan exploited by issuing an executive order allowing entries without a warrant at the discretion of the Attorney General. Without a government and popular consensus that Federal investigations must be reined in, a runaway F.B.I. remains a real possibility. □

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Past Present

This is the first in what will be a series of essays about important books not likely to be found at the mall.

GWYNETH CRAVENS

"Since the present is very ancient, because everything, when it existed, was the present, I harbor for things, because they belong to the present, the affections of an antiquarian preceded by the passions of a collector." So wrote the Portuguese poet Fernando Pessoa in his journal in 1914. Pessoa, who died in Lisbon in 1935 at the age of 47, remains one of the greatest and most enigmatic figures in twentieth-century literature. He created for himself a number of different writing personalities, which he called heteronyms, and he sometimes sent them into literary and philosophical debates with one another in print. And why not? He remarked, "Everything is different from us, and that's why everything exists" and "The universe doesn't agree with itself because it passes. Life doesn't agree with itself because it dies. Paradox is the typical formula of Nature. That's why all truth has a paradoxical form." He confessed that he found deep meaning "in a matchbox lying in the gutter, in two dirty papers which, on a windy day, will roll and chase each other down the street. For poetry is astonishment, admiration, as of a being fallen from the skies taking full consciousness of his fall, astonished about things." It's hard to stop at just a few quotes, because his words, fresh and clear, seem to have just been uttered.

It amazes me that I discovered Pessoa's work purely by chance. If I had not been present at a lecture given by the Chilean poet David Rosenmann-Taub about Pessoa, and if Edwin Honig had not chosen to translate Pessoa into English, and if City Lights Books had not recently published a selection Honig made of Pessoa's prose in a book called *Always Astonished*, and if my local independent bookseller had not been eclectic enough to order it, Pessoa's "ancient present" might never have become a part of my own. By happenstance, I have been given a glimpse into an extraordinary mind.

Gwyneth Cravens is the author of four novels, including Heart's Desire *(Knopf).*

This series will be dedicated to reducing such fortuities in the quest for excellent books. And what is "excellent"? Whatever has outlasted its original audience, along with trends and fashions and schools, and retained its vitality. Many of the best books I've read have not been those taught in college (although, to be sure, the college canon is a useful if predictable one), and they have not been those celebrated on the front pages of book-review supplements; rather, they've been introduced to me as if they were people my friends were eager for me to meet. For example, in this way I have become acquainted with the works of Wladyslaw Reymont, Johannes V. Jensen, Halldor Laxness, F.E. Silanpää, Roger Martin du Gard, Grazia Deledda and Miguel Asturias (all these writers happen to be Nobel Prize winners), as well as authors like Robert Walser, Martin Andersen Nexo, Giovanni Papini, Dino Buzzati and Horacio Quiroga. As a novelist, I have a bias toward literature, but I've also been delighted to discover those books on art, history, psychology, philosophy, mythology, anthropology and travel that, with their firm, gracious prose, riveting peculiarities or attention to detail, have held up over the decades. Lin Yu-T'Ang's anthology *The Wisdom of China and India*, Count Hermann Keyserling's *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, Henri Bergson's *Laughter: An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic*, Henry Savage and A. Landor's *In the Forbidden Land*, the essays of Ludwig Wittgenstein collected in *Culture and Value*, Henri Frederic Amiel's *Fragments of an Intimate Journal* and J. Christopher Herold's biography of Madame de Staël, *Mistress to an Age*, come promptly to mind. Some of these treasures have turned up in libraries and secondhand bookstores, and others have reached me through friends for whom the pursuit of old books of good quality amounts to a vice. However, some of the best—and heretofore neglected—works of the century have recently been resurrected in new editions.

A few years ago North Point, a press in Albany, California, began reissuing translations of the novels of the Austrian writer Hermann Broch—*The Sleepwalkers*, *The Guiltless*, *The Death of Virgil*, *The Spell*. I kept running into people who advised me to read Broch. I

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did, with great happiness, and went on to *Harvest* and *Joy of Man's Desiring* by the French writer Jean Giono, also republished by North Point. In the spring of 1988, Eridanos Press, located in Hygiene, Colorado, made its debut with a translation from the German of Robert Musil's *Posthumous Papers of a Living Author*. I tried unsuccessfully to buy it, and finally learned from a clerk in an independent bookstore in Amherst, Massachusetts, that the printing had been sold out and that Eridanos was going back to press. (The book, now in its third printing, is Eridanos's best seller.) While the bookstore chains continue to display, in flashy aisles, piles of products whose function is to pay the rent and whose gaudy covers and metallic titles already seem endowed with an aura of forgettableness, the independent booksellers, with their cozy shops and diverse arrays, seem to be turning more and more to republished works of real substance. The colors on the jackets tend to be a somber matte, the lettering black: We are not packages of dishwasher detergent, they seem to say; we contain thought.

Of course, university presses have always fostered the translation and republication of worthwhile books, and bigger publishers will occasionally bring forgotten authors to light—for example, Farrar, Straus & Giroux recently published a translation of the stories of Robert Walser, a Swiss who wrote at the turn of the century. Signet Classics, Penguin, Anchor and Vintage imprints have been used for decades to keep standard backlist titles in print. Vintage has recently begun a new line of international literature, with most of the titles and authors already familiar to the American reader. Errol McDonald, who originated Vintage International and who hopes to introduce authors already known in the Third World, says, "It's been a decade of novelty and ephemera in publishing, and I think people are getting tired of novelty and ephemera."

Eridanos Press was started by Juan García de Oteyza, who comes from Mexico, and Andrea Nasi, who comes from Italy, when they realized that many literary works acclaimed in Europe and Latin America were simply not available in English, because they were either out of print or had never been translated. Over two-thirds of the titles are new translations Eridanos has commissioned (translators are given billing on the cover) and the remainder are reprints. Following Musil's *Posthumous Papers*, Eridanos printed titles by Raymond Radiguet, Luigi Pirandello, Ramón del Valle-Inclán and Ryunosuke Akutagawa. A dozen or so other conscientious publishers manage to survive by producing reprints of high quality, and we'll be mentioning them in the future.

We'll address not only republished works but also those that deserve to be brought out of the shadows. Various contributors will be writing about what books moved them the most, and why. The essays in this series will, I hope, arise from the reviewers' enthusiasms and idiosyncrasies. And the books discussed herein will be those that continue to speak to the present, arguing, exhorting, inspiring, amusing or simply opening a window onto an unforgettable world or an extraordinary mind. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Crimes and Misdemeanors
Story of Women
Fat Man and Little Boy

For a film that's obsessed with moral distinctions, Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeanors* is a fascinating muddle of good and bad. Among its virtues are an ensemble of dead-right performances, a script that is frequently subtle and occasionally very funny and a few sequences that, in cinematic terms, may well be Allen's best work to date. Chief among the film's aesthetic evils is its distrust of the audience. Lest the script prove *too* subtle, Allen has provided a melodramatic *mise en scène*, weighty symbolism, even a series of lectures. This is a film in which a man can't wrestle with his conscience without having lightning strike outside the window. Religious faith turns out to be blind—literally—while on the soundtrack a philosopher tells you what to think about the story.

The main lesson is that nice guys finish last, and the film's most problematic feature is its casting of Woody Allen as the nice guy in question. He takes the role of Cliff Stern, a filmmaker with more conscience than talent, who has reached midcareer with nothing to show for his pains except an honorable mention at the Cincinnati Documentary Film Festival. Running out of cash and his wife's patience, Cliff must accept the

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most distasteful job he could have imagined: making a PBS documentary in praise of his brother-in-law.

Whereas Cliff would prefer to work on his long-term project—a film about an old philosopher, who bears more than a slight resemblance to Primo Levi—he finds himself capturing the stale wisdom and perpetually fresh self-approval of Lester (Alan Alda), a wildly successful producer of situation comedies. Lester demonstrates a corollary to the film's theorem: Guys who finish first also get to be called nice. People all but stand in line to praise him; and the spectacle takes on an awful fascination, thanks to Alda's performance. It's as if he had let all the nastiness that's been repressed from his public image suddenly ooze to the surface, leaving a transparent coat of slime over the features of the most sensitive guy in Hollywood.

But Lester, for all his dreadful, much-lauded success, isn't half so well regarded, or so evil, as the film's other main protagonist. Judah Rosenthal (Martin Landau), having made a fortune as an ophthalmologist, now devotes much of his time to philanthropy and the pursuit of refined pleasures. When first seen, as the guest of honor at a fund-raising banquet, he is being praised for both his generosity and his flair; not only can he build a new wing for a hospital, but he's able to advise you on the best recordings of Mozart's symphonies or recommend just the right little restaurant in Paris. But not all of Judah's pleasures are so genteel. He has been carrying on an affair with an airline stewardess (Anjelica Huston) who now wants him to leave his wife of twenty-five years. In desperate emotional need, the stewardess becomes reckless, threatening to expose not only Judah's adultery but also his habit of dipping into the funds of his charitable foundations.

A second corollary: Beneath the surface of even the nicest-seeming guy, you may find a monster. Judah wrestles with his conscience; lightning crackles; the plot takes a turn that is uncommon in Woody Allen's pictures. Meanwhile, as this drama plays itself out, Cliff is engaged in his own attempt at adultery, having fallen in love with Halley Reed (Mia Farrow), his PBS producer. In Cliff's case, of course, adultery would be morally unexceptionable, since his marriage is probably going to expire faster than the milk in the refrigerator. But then, consummation seems as likely for Cliff as a three-picture deal. While footage of the old philosopher plays on an editing table, Cliff tries to flirt with Halley. She hardly notices.

By the time the Judah and Cliff plots come together—which they do quite beautifully—*Crimes and Misdemeanors* has put no less a person than God in the balance and has found Him to be weightless. Anyone who believes otherwise, Allen seems to argue, must be blind, and therefore anyone who succeeds in life must be taking advantage of the blind. Finishing last, it appears, is the best proof that you're a nice guy. So what does that make Woody Allen?

Granted, no other actor could have played Cliff Stern; and yet, here in particular, it's jarring to see America's most successful independent filmmaker take on the role of existential *shlemiel*. There's a line near the end in which you can almost hear Woody Allen boast of his integrity and power: "You want a happy ending?" asks Judah Rosenthal. "See a Hollywood movie." And then *Crimes and Misdemeanors* ends unhappily, as only a Woody Allen production can. That poor fool on the screen, who has lost everything, invites pity, while the winner behind the camera simultaneously commands respect. Which Woody Allen are we supposed to believe?

If you don't worry overmuch about such questions, *Crimes and Misdemeanors* will still make a fine Friday night film, despite its overall bleakness. For fans of Woody Allen's humor, it has a generous supply of one-liners. (It's notable that here, working on his original turf, Allen fully trusts his audience, making jokes on a level that few filmmakers even try to reach. Who else would toss off a wisecrack about David Greenglass?) For fans of Allen's dramatic films—admittedly, a smaller group—*Crimes and Misdemeanors* at its best provides some enthralling moments, and it is consistently absorbing, even at its lowest points. (In this connection, it would be hard to overpraise Martin Landau and Anjelica Huston, though my favorite performance comes from Jerry Orbach, who seems appallingly real as Judah Rosenthal's shady brother Jack.) If Woody Allen's audience should ask for more than this, it's because he himself has appealed to a higher standard.

And in that sense, I welcome the uneasiness he causes with the film's overblown moments and his own contradictory image. It's good to watch a film as entertainment, but sometimes it's even better to hold an argument with a movie. A week after seeing *Crimes and Misdemeanors*, I still find myself talking back to it. If that's a measure of the film's problems, then I wish there were more movies with such faults.

But if you want to see a picture where moral judgments are *really* in doubt, try *Story of Women*, a 1988 film by Claude Chabrol, which only now is being released in this country. This drama about a woman's career during the Nazi occupation proved so controversial in France that one of its viewers lost his life. Some protesters disrupted a screening by throwing a tear-gas canister into the movie house; in the ensuing uproar, a man suffered a heart attack and died. Such was the response of public moralists to the protagonist, whom Chabrol portrays with studied equanimity despite her being a black-marketeer, procuress, Nazi collaborator and self-taught abortionist. It was Chabrol's treatment of the latter trade in particular that brought on

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A PLACE TO STAND

She, speaking, like a dancer
arms brandished in the making, fixes
space, the things it sprouts.

Out we fly, far as the inner
eye can go, on winds that stars are
breathing, farthest galaxies.

For we are celebrating comet,
chaos, pulsars bursting, omnivorous
black holes.
Then, thought's speed,
we plunge into space infinite
within each molecule.
Pervading
it, a sympathy accommodates the nit,
the hippopotamus,
the sycamore,
a mammoth, ramifying scheme, an epic
happening at once,
the planets
intercoupling—heavenly husbandry!
Anywhere a place to stand,

she and I can lift—itself
an aerialist—an elephant, an Alp,
the world, a whirling grit

within the hand, a nothing
but a sound, a flash, substantial
place to stand,
as atoms are,
every beast and star, twirling out
inside itself the multiverse.

R. and T. Weiss

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the protests, although some people were even more upset by the protagonist's last words, a highly unflattering comment about the Virgin Mary uttered in a spirit of near-heroic defiance.

Set in a provincial city in Vichy France, *Story of Women* follows Marie (Isabelle Huppert) from drudgery to entrepreneurial success to punishment at the hands of a hypocritical regime. When first seen, she is living in a wretched little apartment with her two small children, whom she cares for with that impatience women often show when they're poor and feel themselves growing old before their time. But Marie is not the type to give in. She still intends to snatch whatever pleasure she can, which in her case means dancing in a cafe with the most presentable men around, even if they're German.

She's not the only one. When a friend comes to her, desperate because she's pregnant, Marie reacts with the resourcefulness we're supposed to admire in untutored inventors and the founders of business empires. She figures out a method of inducing miscarriage—at least she hopes that's what it will do—and then puts on a show of confidence, so as to reassure her friend. After much worry, Marie learns she's succeeded. The friend rewards her with a thrilling present—a phonograph—and Marie finds herself at the start of a new career.

For this Thomas Edison of abortion, everything else proceeds in easy stages. What Marie first did out of concern for a friend she soon does for profit, with increasing frequency and carelessness. She branches out into other ventures. When her husband returns home from the war, unable to do much more than sit around in his undershirt, she finds she can keep him tucked away in a corner, since now she's able to rent bigger and bigger apartments. She gets along better with her children. At the height of her success she even thinks she'll realize her dream of becoming a singer. Marie's voice is appalling, but the teacher she consults, having the same business principles as her newest pupil, assures her of a glorious future.

If Marie hurts anyone—botching an abortion here, betraying a countryman to the Nazis there—it's certainly not out of malice. She can honestly claim to have satisfied most of the people with whom she does business, and with new clothes, a decent home and phonograph records within her budget, how can she doubt her choices have been good? But it's her bad luck to have made not just money but also enemies, and it's worse luck still that the occupation government decides to make an example of her.

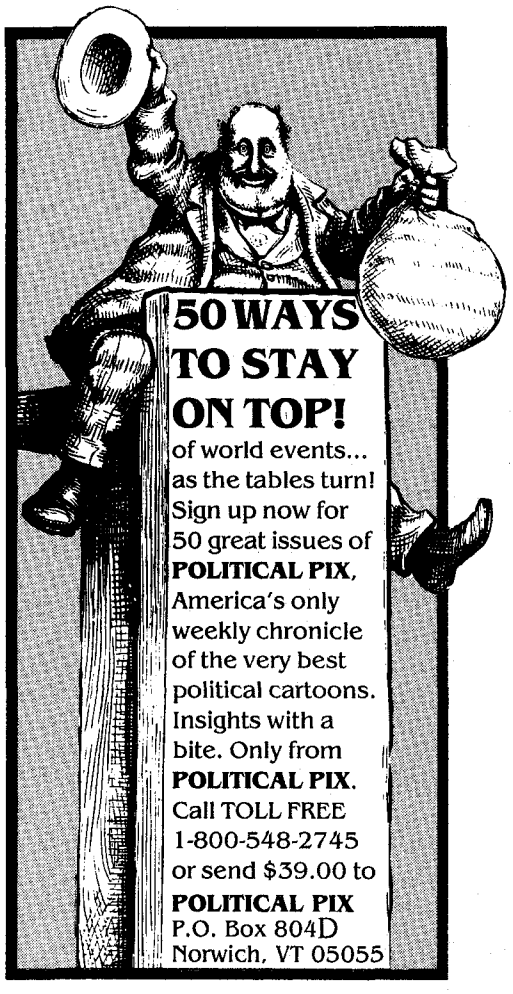
In short, Marie makes Woody Allen's characters look like hand puppets. There is no ventriloquism in Chabrol's film; nor is the plot's resolution the sort of thing you could exactly call an ending, happy or otherwise. Marie's fate is certainly final enough, but it doesn't lend itself to summary as a moral. When you last see her, she is too much of a bubble-headed profiteer to be pitied, too much of a victim to be despised.

Directed with somber fluency by Chabrol, performed by Huppert with such alertness that it seems as if her skin must be a single continuous nerve ending, *Story of Women* entangles you in something much more troubling than a canned debate about the absence of God. It wraps you in the none-too-clean fabric of life as we ordinarily lead it—a net of material needs, cultural limitations, political pressures and sexual roles, within which Marie must not only survive but also be judged on her means of survival, as though, contrary to all evidence, her will had been entirely free. In that sense, though the film's style owes little to Chabrol's great hero, Hitchcock, there is perhaps an affinity below the surface. Guilt is a foregone conclusion for the protagonist and for everyone around her. Nobody is off the hook—not even the filmmaker or the viewer.

There is one area, though, in which Chabrol is unambiguously innocent. He is clear of all charges of slack filmmaking. For this director, whose career has had as many downs as ups, *Story of Women* gives evidence of renewed strength.

"I prefer the microscope to the telescope," Chabrol has said. The opposite seems true of Roland Joffé, whose most fleeting fantasies must surely play on wide screen and in Technicolor. Although the dramatic conflict in his *Fat Man and Little Boy* is ostensibly between J. Robert Oppenheimer (Dwight Schultz) and Gen. Leslie Groves (Paul Newman), the officer who oversees the building of the atom bomb, the more immediate tension is between Joffé and his screenwriter.

In his previous features, *The Killing Fields* and *The Mission*, Joffé demonstrated a taste for the world historical. He likes big events, big themes, big statements from the characters. Bruce Robinson, who wrote the story for *Fat*



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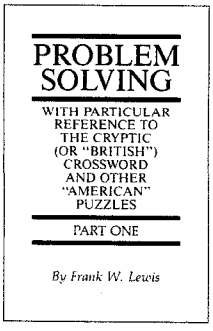
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Man and Little Boy and co-wrote the screenplay with Joffé, tends more toward the quirky, the literary, the cheerfully grotesque. His own films – *Withnail & I* and *How to Get Ahead in Advertising* – are hardly free of big ideas, but they put them across by focusing on some very odd little people. Working together (as they did on *The Killing Fields*), Joffé and Robinson turn out something that overall has the lifeless self-importance of the more well-meaning film epics but which in its parts has all sorts of unexpected touches of eccentricity.

Fat Man and Little Boy thus gives you an unstable mixture of Op-Ed dramaturgy and near-Brechtian shenanigans. In the former category, you have a young physicist at Los Alamos (John Cusack) who provides earnest, breathy narration on the soundtrack. The question of whether to demonstrate the atom bomb on an unpopulated atoll, rather than drop it on Hiroshima, comes out in full-dress debate. Just so the audience cannot doubt that Oppenheimer has sold his soul to the devil, the film ends with him riding in a triumphant motorcade. He proceeds across the screen in slow motion; then a tight close-up shows his deadened eyes.

In the category of Brechtian effects, you have the tendency of each character to lug around some prop, as if bearing attributes of varying degrees of silliness. Oppenheimer is never without a cigarette (burning intellect that he is). His long-suffering wife (Bonnie Bedelia) carries a martini glass into every scene. The Los Alamos doctor (John C. McGinley) walks around holding a chimpanzee by the hand. As for General Groves, he always seems to have a stomachache, though that might just be Paul Newman's way of appearing old and crusty.

Newman's performance is as good as the picture allows. Dwight Schultz is adequate as well, though he keeps slipping in and out of dialect. Laura Dern, who proved in *Smooth Talk* that she's an accomplished actress, is reduced in *Fat Man and Little Boy* to her assigned type: young, beautiful and sweet. Perhaps as compensation, she gets to have the looniest of all the character props: a juke box, which unaccountably sits in the ward where she is a nurse.

Vilmos Zsigmond, a first-rate cinematographer, contributes deep colors and scenic Southwestern panoramas. Ultimately, they make *Fat Man and Little Boy* seem like a picture postcard from Armageddon. □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

International Roots Roundup

Here are some notes on a bunch of albums bringing sounds from around the world. Included are U.S. and international roots and branches, from Chicago to the Caribbean to Africa to Bulgaria.

Trouble No More (MCA/Chess) gathers Muddy Waters's singles (previously unreleased in album form) from 1955 to 1959, supposedly post-peak. It's a deep blue, chilling collection. For a sidelight on his vast legacy, pick up on his longtime harp sideman's *Best of Little Walter, Vol. Two* (MCA/Chess).

Heart & Soul (Blind Pig) unites former Muddy harpist James Cotton with Howlin' Wolf's oddball guitarist Hubert Sumlin, whose asymmetrical blues licks are like no one else's. The tunes include a couple of gold pieces from Wolf and Little Walter, but the main thing here is the mesh of guitar and harp in that Windy City tradition.

The Magic Sam Legacy (Delmark) consists mostly of extra material from frenetic guitarist/vocalist Sam Maghett's breakthrough *West Side Soul* album, and it packs some r&b wallop. Along with Buddy Guy, Sam was a major post-Muddy Chicago bluesman; his tragically early death cut short a promising career.

Guitar Man (Flying Fish) finds guitarist/vocalist John Cephas and harmonica man Phil Wiggins continuing their expansion of the Piedmont acoustic blues duo tradition. Mixing gospel licks into varied blues stylings, they attack new tunes and classics like Blind Blake's ragtimey killer, "Police Dog Blues."

Chess King of New Orleans (MCA/Chess) pulls together tracks by the Crescent City's hottest mid-1950s sessioneers, like saxmen Lee Allen and Reed Taylor, under the leadership of a&r man/producer Paul Gayten. This is loose, lanky and good-natured Nawlins r&b. And for the truly devoted, *Wrinkles* (MCA/Chess) compiles ten rare and often twisted instrumental tracks by the likes of Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Walter and Otis Spann, along with some relative unknowns.

J'ai Vu Le Loup, Le Renard et La Belette (Rounder) offers a baker's dozen of traditional tunes performed by the legendary Cajun string band the Balfa Brothers. Recorded in 1975 – the Balfas have been around for decades – its lilting dance rhythms, sawing fiddle and pinched vocals smack of the back-porch bayou.

From the Tex-Mex border comes the conjunto of Flaco Jimenez, whose snappy accordion flourishes over polka and ranchera beats have attracted devoted fans like Ry Cooder. *Entre Humo y Botellas* (Rounder) collects fourteen tracks originally issued by the small San Antonio Joey label.

Johnny Otis: The Capitol Years (Capitol) offers twenty-four cuts' worth of that great bandleader's late 1950s material, when his group included hotshots like future James Brown guitarist Jimmy Nolan and ace New Orleans–born drummer Earl Palmer. A Greek-American, Otis rode consistently (if ironically) to the top of the "race" charts, toured with folks like Louis Jordan and the Ink Spots, started up small r&b labels, hosted a seminal TV show in L.A. – and along the way found time to put together one of the great revue-style rock-and-roll shows.

Ho'omana'o I Na Mele O Ka Wa U'i ("Remembering the Songs of Our Youth") (Rounder) boasts the husband-and-wife team Tau and Rose Moe, abetted by two of their kids and producer/Hawaiian guitarist Bob Brozman; they put their inimitably wobbly, bass-plus-soprano vocal stamp on a dozen congenially flowing Hawaiian tunes from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Calypso Pioneers 1912–1937 (Rounder) is just what the title says: sixteen tracks that span the earliest Trinidad music on record through Atilla the Hun, who appeared on Rudy Vallee's radio show. Calypso, like other Caribbean forms, has served then and now as a kind of news-

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paper of the air, so the tunes treat topics from love to the Graf Zeppelin.

Pop 'N' Mento (First Warning/Rough Trade) offers mento—the popular Jamaican musical form that preceded ska, rock steady and reggae—by the Jolly Boys, a quartet who have long been playing this folk sound. Bongos, banjo, guitar and rhumba box/kalimba (a big thumb piano) create a gentle backwash for the vocals, with a swaying feel close to calypso's.

Scandal Ska (Mango) collects sixteen efforts from the early 1960s in that clipped pre-reggae form by as many groups. It includes young Bob Marley and Jimmy Cliff, who would soon make their real marks with reggae, which slowed ska's herky-jerky beat down and deepened its verbal meanings. Here the lyrics range from love to homilies (titles like "Judge Not" and "Honour Your Mother & Father") to contemporary events (the Cuban missile crisis), which befit Caribbean music's newsy tradition.

Rare Reggae From the Vaults of Studio One (Heartbeat) contains a dozen cuts, from as many groups, of just what its title says—Coxsone Dodd's Studio One was the major hatchery for the sounds that would become reggae—with fine sound quality and thorough notes.

Lee (Scratch) Perry was the engineer/soundman/on-the-road deejay for Dodd's studio; it was Perry who worked with a young band called the Wailers when their mentor, Joe Higgs, brought them to Dodd's attention. *Chicken Scratch* (Heartbeat) focuses on Perry's own 1964-66 recordings as a singer, when he was backed by the Skatalites, Jamaica's top ska band.

Roots reggae came to fruition in the hands of pioneers like Marley and the Wailers, Jimmy Cliff, and Toots and the Maytals; but because of the mobile sound systems that functioned as portable dance halls on the island, deejays had long been important components of the music scene. Long before rap emerged in the United States, Jamaican deejays were talking over the instrumental B-sides of hits to the crowds that gathered when their flatbed trucks appeared.

Linton Kwesi Johnson, an expatriate Jamaican raised in England, took that rapping and, in the wake of groups like The Last Poets in Harlem during the late 1960s, began chanting his poetry over reggae backing. *Dread Beat an' Blood* (Heartbeat) exemplifies the heavily political Rastafied vision Johnson has honed since joining Britain's Black Panther movement in 1970.

One in a Million (Shanachie) gathers hits by one of the early codifiers of what became reggae's dance-hall rapping style, an albino named Yellowman. By turns as raunchy as Redd Foxx and as political as Marley, Yellowman's reggae toasting, shot through with bragging swagger, helped set the stage for U.S. hip-hoppers, who pared the musical backing even further and sped up everything.

Haiti's political music is beginning to garner some recognition, although the mainstream press hasn't caught on due to its continued repression at the hands of a government of Duvalierists. *Konbit* (A&M), conceived by filmmaker Jonathan Demme and drawing on the multitalented Neville Brothers, collects a dozen tracks by different Haitian artists in many different styles, from genial accordion rippling to percolating internal rhythms to simple acoustic guitar accompaniment.

Nicaragua . . . Presente! (Rounder) offers twenty-five tracks of folk music made by amateur musicians. The lyrical themes range from love to politics, while the music goes from full-fledged marimba band to simple, stark acoustic guitar strumming.

At the moment, Colombia is known more for its drug trade than for its music. Still, *Fiesta Vallenata* (Shanachie) demonstrates how the contradictions of colonialism can often be redeployed in culture as fascinating hybrids. Collected here are eight groups who perform *vallenatas*, an accordion-driven style that fits short-phrased Spanish vocals over feisty beats that combine African, Latin and Native American influences.

From the other side of the Atlantic comes *City Shoes Rural Blues* (Kijima), which asks the musical question, Can anyone have too much township jive? Given the buoyancy of South African mbaqanga, the short answer is no. Here two of the form's newer popular adherents, Amaphisi and Uthwalofu Namakentshane, rock and roll with a loping vengeance.

Chant of the Marching (Earthworks/Virgin) finds Sipho Mabuse writing more explicitly political lyrics and including guests like Hugh Masekela and Miriam Makeba, two of South Africa's better-known exiles. Mabuse's idiosyncratic blend of mbaqanga and American soul/funk makes for some heady sounds.

Corruption (Mango) marks the great Zimbabwean Thomas Mapfumo's U.S.

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[Note: The date appears incorrectly in the previous issue. Friday, November 17 is the correct date.]

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recording debut. Beginning in the 1960s, Mapfumo began experimenting with blends of Shona, soul and rock; by the 1970s the blend had become chimurenga, now Zimbabwe's dominant pop sound. During the civil war, Mapfumo wrote songs for the rebels; white Rhodesians attempted to subvert his powerful messages by jailing him and by appropriating his music, often forcing him to play for Bishop Abel Muzorewa's rallies. Backed by the Blacks Unlimited band, Mapfumo's soaring, gravelly voice sings of the jubilant trials of freedom.

Super Soukous (Shanachie) introduces guitarist/vocalist Diblo with his high-stepping band Loketo. Stripping back the Afro-Latin beats of Zairean soukous while keeping the form's guitars with their glassine arpeggiated ripple, Loketo should be able to light a fire under nearly anyone's feet.

Djam Leelii (Mango) is a re-issue of the classic 1985 album that paired Senegalese star Baaba Maal with blind Gambian guitarist Mansour Seck. Though Maal is now best known for his electric music, here he joins Seck for an evocative tradition-oriented outing—simple, hypnotic and shot through with the griot- and Islamic-derived microtonal vocals of his homeland.

Ko-Yan (Mango) is the second U.S. release by the albino Malian vocalist Salif Keita, who also combines Islamic influences with traditional griot singing. His lyrics view life through religious as well as political lenses, and his music is a roller coaster of cross-rhythms; included here is "Primpin'," a remake of his anti-drug/alcohol abuse anthem that became a West African hit a decade ago.

Europe, you ask? Check out *Orpheus Ascending* (Hannibal), which captures much of the dance-floor fever generated by this outstanding Bulgarian wedding band. Led by Ivo Papasov, whose clarinet's nasal whine is characteristic of the region, the band blends jazz and funk elements with the coiling odd meters and glottal vocals of traditional Thracian music.

The Prisoner's Song (Hannibal) features Muzsikas, a leading group from the Hungarian urban-folk revival of the last two decades. Mixing bagpipes, bouzoukis, hurdy-gurdies and zithers with violins, cellos, drums and bass guitars, they create a gently compelling Eastern European string-band version of Fairport Convention.

Carlos Paredes is a master of the Portuguese guitar, that descendant of the medieval cittern; on *Guitarra Portuguesa* (Elektra/Nonesuch), an American issue of twenty-year-old material, he demonstrates the nuanced power edged with sadness that has made him famous throughout Portugal. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 550*)

their glorification of "bourgeois democracy" and "the American way of life." Hitchens pretends to see an enormous irony in this and to draw from it a great moral lesson. "Spare me the letters that remind us all that Cuba has a good health system and has abolished illiteracy," he pontificates. "A healthy, literate people do not need to be told what they can read." (He means, "what they cannot read," of course.)

In his rush to ridicule, he makes a few historical errors. For instance, the speech by Fidel Castro to the Cuban writers' union was not given "just after the revolution" but several years later; and he has what he calls "the sporadic heresy hunts" of the late 1960s in Cuba completely backwards. They were not attacks "against artistic dissent (often unpleasantly disguised as a campaign against homosexuality)." If anything, they were the opposite: campaigns against homosexuality, unpleasantly disguised as attacks on counter-revolutionary behavior.

But what I find more unpleasant than factual error is Hitchens's gratuitous tone of malice and heavy irony. It is a column written with the hauteur of George Will or William Buckley, and if there were no byline one might well mistake the author for either rightie. Liberals and progressives are still carrying a big chip on their shoulders against Fidel Castro because he "let them down" when he didn't create the sort of socialist heaven on earth they once dreamed he might. Never mind that we, the United States, bear a heavy burden for having helped determine the direction of Cuban socialism. Cuba originally became a handmaiden of the Soviet Union out of expediency, because it had no choice at the time. We are all complicit, however much we'd prefer to forget it.

Censorship is bad in any form, but we should be as ready to criticize it in ourselves as in others. Hitchens conveniently fails to mention that *Granma*, and all other Cuban publications, have been banned from circulating in the United States for decades. The official reasons, in this land of freedom, are not very different from those the Cubans cited for embargoing the two Soviet journals.

Lee Lockwood

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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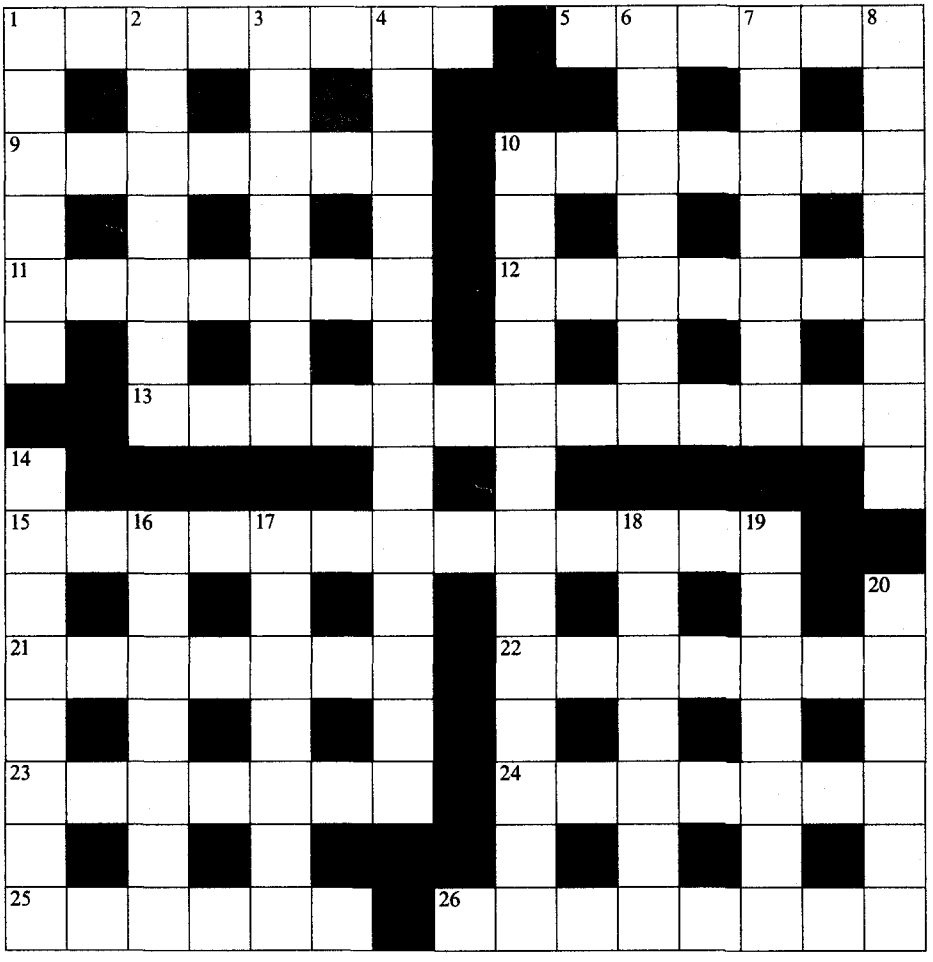
Crossword Puzzle No. 2264

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 25
5 Does one take a bow for his good work? (6)
9 Bird found way down South—you can find its habitat in a mountain there. (7)
10 Insulation doesn't have to, a product of certain islets shows. (7
11 Referring to purification rites, when all mixed up about a problem of rust. (7)
12 Works with iron, and pushes for increased activity. (7)
13 Brought along a successful oil producer—having such a body that looks good. (4-9)
15 What one must have done in turning on the light, implying a private showing. (6,7)
21 "Nostrum" might sound like what happened in the twenties when it got broken. (7)
22 They certainly look up to art in the chapel! (7)
23 Bad parents, they had an old way of getting into your head! (7)
24 Sounds like a glacier, making the C.I.O. feel bad. (3,4)
25 and 1 across They're pretty loose as a tag for a cupboard that was barely notable. (6,8)
26 12 should describe what one does for cause—though it might help with the washing. (8)

DOWN

1 Non-air-conditioned railways, where some people have to sleep. (6)
2 Obviously the musicians noticed what the workbench might have. (7)
3 A Red one is a flyer—not necessarily with the Baltic Fleet. (7)
4 They provide ample transportation and rather large sandwiches! (6-7)
6 Part of a hero's well-being could be well-known in New Mexico, at least. (7)
7 Makes demands on the street, and causes certain delays. (5,2)
8 Desiring some small change for good tickets, perhaps? (8)
10 The little devil is above his sort having a gin sling— making a poor one, obviously. (13)
14 Get used to the sound of a habit? (8)
16 Certainly not a poor description of what might be left up to Len! (7)
17 The British should know what American lifts do. (7)
18 Some hair is—especially after the barber gets through his work! (7)
19 Possibly the "Archduke" allowed to create poetry. (7)
20 Change direction around Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, etc.—it's a superficial thing. (6)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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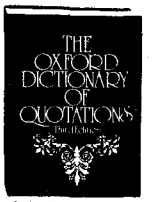

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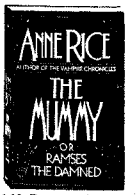

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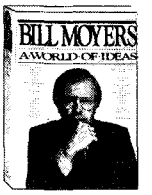

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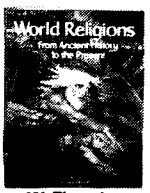

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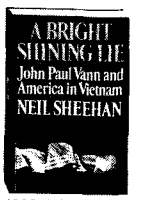

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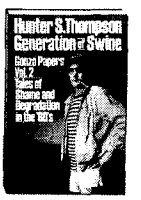

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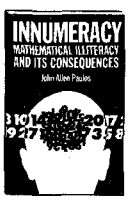

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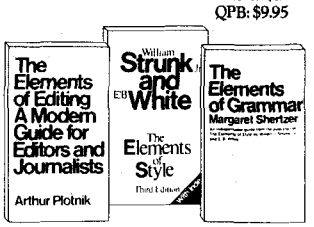
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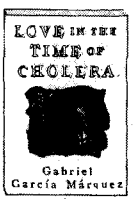

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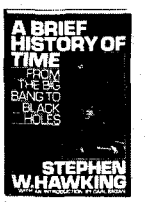

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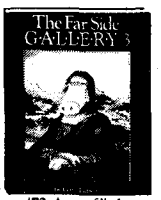

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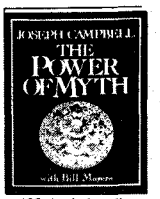

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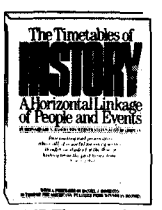

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